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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 16, 1903.

The Week.

Governor Durbin of Indiana, the right man in the right place, is giving the country some valuable and needed instruction in the elements of government by law. His previous attitude towards the lynching spirit had been left in no uncertainty. Our readers will not have forgotten his prompt and exemplary removal of a sheriff, last year, for failure to defend a prisoner from the onset of a mob. That was a most salutary exercise of the power of the State Executive, and ought to have nerved the local authorities at Evansville to do all that they could to prevent the negro murderer, Brown, from being torn from the hands of the officers of the law by a mob thirsting for his blood. The Governor's resolute action in putting down with an iron hand the subsequent rioting was also that of a man equal to the obligations of his office; but an almost more exalted example of good citizenship he has given in his refusal to allow "even a guilty man to be railroaded to the gallows to satisfy public sentiment."

The more the Evansville riots are investigated, the more clearly does it appear that the city government was at fault. The Evansville *Courier* attributed the race troubles to wholesale colonization of low negroes for the purpose of voting them in herds in the interest of one party or another. The Indianapolis *News* states that the mob came into existence solely because of the political cowardice of the Mayor. "He expected," it says, "the State militia to come there and take the place of the city police, make arrests, and discharge all the functions of the civil law." The *News* also prints a letter from a prominent lawyer of Evansville, who declares that the city was turned over by the Mayor to the vicious elements. At the same time the writer points out that precisely the same conditions exist in Indianapolis, and urges its citizens to put their house in order against the test of their own virtue. In both cases it is the same old story of the "wide-open town," to which Mr. Charles F. Murphy and Mr. "Dry-Dollar" Sullivan would have New York return next January. Breweries are potent in their politics, saloons run unchecked, and gambling goes on without hindrance. In other words, there is the usual alliance of the authorities with crime for political purposes made possible by the indifference of business and professional men.

Calling things by their right names is a great help to clear thinking, and Mr. Justice Brewer's definition of lynching as pure murder is a word spoken in season. If there is to be a reaction against the mania of mob violence which has been sweeping over the country, it will come only as men in positions of authority boldly speak out their minds, as does this Justice of the Supreme Court, who brands as a murderer "every man who takes part in the burning or lynching of negroes." Let us hear no more about "rough justice" or the especial "code" of certain localities. Senator Foster of Louisiana had on Monday to plead with his fellow-citizens not to lynch a negro who was in the custody of the officers of the law. Even United States soldiers at Fort Leavenworth on the same date attempted to lynch a negro who had been in a fracas with one of their number. Where is this thing to stop? The fact that their regiments had seen service in the Philippines, and had there acquired the notion that "niggers" have no more rights than wild animals, should furnish food for thought to startled Imperialists who are wondering where the new ferocity against an "inferior" race got its fresh impulse.

At last we learn what it was that made President Roosevelt blunder into thinking that the negro is a man for a' that. He was "misled," says the Atlanta *Constitution*, by "a diseased sense of justice." This is certainly a new name for the instinctive manliness and passion for fair play which alone, it would appear, have moved Mr. Roosevelt in all his words and acts respecting the negro. He simply advocates a "square deal"—the same for black and white. This is so impregnable a principle that no man, in a country based on equality before the law, dares openly to attack it. Even the *Constitution*, we see, admits that it looks like simple justice, but thinks it a kind of "diseased" justice. Why? And what sort of justice must that be which would shut the door of opportunity and of hope in the face of a man merely because he is black? To us that seems a justice not only diseased, but sick unto death.

Secretary Root has done tardy justice to Cuba in further reducing the number of United States troops in the island. Not since the American intervention has it been necessary for our soldiers to take the field or to fire a shot in defence of law and order. The Administration's insistence upon keeping troops in Cuba, despite President Palma's request that they be removed, has, therefore, been as unnecessary as it has been discourteous. Sporadic instances of brigandage continue to occur, but far less frequently than under Gen. Wood's Administration. In a review of a year's progress in Cuba, recently published in the *Independent*, Gen. James H. Wilson declared that the cities everywhere exhibited "the most satisfactory evidences of peace, tranquility, and reviving industry." There are still four companies of our artillery to remain in Cuba, with the understanding that they are soon to be transferred from Santiago and Havana to our naval stations. With their disappearance from these cities the Cubans will at least be freed from some outward signs of their governmental dependence upon the United States, as necessitated by the offensive Platt Amendment.

That ever cheerful optimist, Senator Lodge, is perfectly certain that, if the postal scandals are to have any effect whatever on the fortunes of the Republican party, it can be only favorable. That great organization has, we all know, long usurped the functions of Providence in the matter of crops and full dinner-pails. It would now seem that even its sins redound to its advantage. To understand this you have only to adopt the Senator's point of view. Dwell not upon the fact that there has been a gang of Republican rascals and thieves enriching themselves at the expense of the Government, but upon the fact that the party has found some of them out and is in the process of punishing them. It is plainly not a crime to cheat and defraud and steal, but only to fail to punish the wrongdoers. In accordance with this doctrine, the country is expected to sing a hymn of praise to Roosevelt and Payne, and forget everything else in so doing—incidentally, that nearly all the rascals were appointees of Republican Presidents. Perhaps we should all come to Senator Lodge's frame of mind more easily if we were so successful as he in obtaining favors from the Administration. Platt tells us now that Charles S. Francis of Troy wanted the ambassadorship to Italy, but that he was "thrown down hard." "The President said that Meyer was a personal friend of Lodge's, and that he could have the place as long as he wanted it."

By far the ablest study of the coming army General Staff is that contributed to the *Journal of the Military Service Institution* for July by Brig.-Gen. Theodore Schwan of the retired list. The creation of this body, he thinks, marks the summit of Secretary Root's remarkable contributions to the modernization

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of the army. If it can be kept free from the taint of politics and service intrigue, General Schwan believes that it will afford a guarantee of the army's being kept abreast of modern requirements and of the country's needs. He points out with unanswerable arguments the hopelessness of expecting ten unrelated bureaus properly to conduct the military business of the War Office. As General Schwan says, much of the time of officers and clerks is now frittered away upon small details or purely routine matters which ought never to come before them, but which should be settled at the headquarters of the territorial departments. The absence of definite methods, definite aims, and coördinate control in both line and staff is once more clearly stated, along with many other weaknesses of the service, notably the failure to train officers of high rank in the handling of large bodies of troops. We do not remember ever to have seen, from the pen of an army officer, so admirable an exposition of the shortcomings of the army and its administration.

General Schwan sees danger ahead if the General Staff is not kept free from all scandal, and membership in it be not forever open to merit, and to merit alone. He would like to see it entrusted with the selection of names of officers to go before the President when there is any vacancy to be filled by appointment instead of by promotion in the regular order. With the cases of Funston, Wood, Grant, and other political favorites evidently in mind, General Schwan says that no one outside of the army can form any idea of the harm which results from a single bad or undeserved promotion. It is at once the signal for every officer who seeks advancement in other ways than by merit to "see" his Congressman or Senator, or strive for a position in the Department where he may bring himself under the notice of Mr. Root, or of Corbin, or General Carter, or some of the others in the seats of the mighty. General Schwan's suggestion that the President turn to the General Staff for advice as to appointments is excellent. In still other ways, too, his paper is a remarkable one, particularly because it comes from one of the civil-war veterans, many of whom, like General Miles, have opposed this and other reforms on account of conservatism or the memories of a bygone military age.

The proposed Joint General Staff, to be composed of staff officers of the army and navy, is a logical outcome of the whole movement in the two services for what are well called "thinking bodies." In a country so fortunately situated as we are, the navy, if it should ever come to another foreign war, must be the predominating military factor, just as in England. In that country the need of such a joint defence committee has long been felt, for army and navy have gone their respective ways with as little regard to one another as did our own War and Navy Departments in the palmy days of 1898. Spenser Wilkinson has for years been urging a joint war board, and it has also been one of the proposals of the Brodrick army reorganization, which has already failed so lamentably to bring about any genuine reforms. Lack of intelligent cooperation between army and navy was as striking a feature of the war with Spain as were the army's blunders about Santiago. The proposed joint organization need not be elaborate. What is wanted is simply a clearing house by which one service shall learn what the other is doing, and so avoid duplication of labor. In the coast defences the navy and army are brought into such close contact as practically to fight side by side. Moreover, it has never been settled where the navy's activities shall end and the army's begin. Should the task of patrolling the coast with signal men, for instance, lie with sailors or soldiers? During 1898 it was in the control of the navy. There are those who believe, indeed, that the whole matter of shore defence should be vested in the Navy Department. These and many other questions will be legitimate ones for the Joint General Staff to settle.

John Mitchell served notice on the country last week, when he visited the coal miners of Kansas, that the big Southwestern bituminous field is to become one of the outlying possessions of the United Mine Workers. The enthusiasm with which he was received by the miners would seem to indicate that this will not be a difficult conquest. There have been strikes, of a more or less serious character, in various fields of the Southwest, but as yet no general calling out of men to bring the operators to terms. The union movement has spread to the West along with the cartoons of farmers' automobiles and the introduction of the self-playing piano into the workingman's home. One point in President Mitchell's speech is worth noting, however. His emphatic declaration that "there is and shall be such a thing as industrial equality" between white and black miners was a square, manly utterance. If Mr. Mitchell can induce the miners of the Southwest to look with equal favor upon all union men, "white, black, red, or yellow," he will surely win a niche in the not overcrowded Hall of Fame of labor leaders.

Is it protection that sends up wages in the Kansas wheat fields to $3.25 and even $6 a day? The Iowa Republican platform asserted that it was the tariff which causes high wages; there is a duty on wheat—one of those delightful bits of humbug designed to fool the farmer—and we suppose that the strict Allisonian logic would see in the high wages of the Kansas harvester only one proof more of the blessings of McKinleyism plus Dingleyism. Others will be more struck with the picturesque details of the struggle for laborers. Kidnapped workers in the grain fields, the proudly efficient laborer auctioning himself off to the highest bidder—such features of the prairie "Harvest Home" certainly have their economic and social significance. So marked a dearth of labor is extraordinary. If we could only ship West a trainload of walking delegates, and have the desperate Kansas farmers flag the engine and take them off, the relief of the labor situation would be grateful both West and East.

Charles F. Murphy has issued an exceedingly adroit statement with the very evident intention of turning public attention from the doings of the old Dock Board to those of the new, but only to his own confusion in the case of Commissioner Hawkes. However, neither by attacking the present Dock Board nor by giving out selected figures to show that "treasury orders" instead of advertising for bids were used solely for the public benefit, can Murphy and his associates meet the serious charges upon which the pending investigation is based. There is not one detail in his long statement which really touches the subject of the inquiry. It is true that he says that the allegations of mismanagement made against the Dock Board "are, of course, absolutely groundless," but not one specific word is there about the Egan lease, the alleged tampering with the record so that the grant was made for thirty instead of three years, or any of the other instances of recklessness and apparent fraud in dealing with the city's property which have been brought out since the exposures began. A statement from Mr. Murphy covering some of these points would possess elements of real interest wholly lacking in the worthless document before us.

Notwithstanding the opposition of the Wisconsin Senate to direct primary legislation, we are informed that a bill was finally passed by the Legislature, referring to the people a direct primary law which will go into effect if accepted by the electorate. The referendum will take place at the general election in November of this year, and if the proposed law prevails it will operate for the first time in the election of 1904. The proposed statute has the usual features, but is more far-reaching than the primary laws adopted in other States. It provides for the nomination of the highest State officers by direct vote in the

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primary; and also for the nomination of United States Senators in the same manner. The latter provision is a decided innovation, though it does not materially differ in principle from the practice in several States, notably Illinois, where State conventions have generally named a candidate for Senator.

In assuming the Presidency of the Board of Trustees, Mrs. Stanford merely emphasizes the proprietary character of the Stanford University, which was already pretty thoroughly understood. In fact, there is probably a gain in having the form of the university government agree with the reality. If, as the dispatches assert, the power of appointing professors is to be taken from President Jordan and given to the trustees, his position becomes that of chief employee, and it would be much more candid to dub him head clerk or acting manager of the corporation. Mrs. Stanford is within her rights in managing in her own way the university she has created. That she is wise many will doubt. Founders generally have been content to leave the control of educational gifts to experts, and those of them who have taken the other course have very rarely assured love, joy, or peace with their money and services.

According to the well-informed London correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian*, the American Monetary Commission left England after a complete failure of their mission, so far as that country is concerned. Our envoys had many interviews with high Government officials, but failed to convince them that the proposed plan was in any way feasible, if desirable. The British notion of the one way to bring the gold-using and silver-using countries into harmonious monetary relations is to compromise, but to compromise on the gold standard. It is wholly obvious that if Great Britain will not come into the scheme, it is doomed in advance. If Hong Kong and the Straits Settlements, to say nothing of India, are to be left out of the play, it will go but lamely, even if the other characters essay their assigned rôles. The Commissioners have, of course, gone to the Continent to see what can be done there; but if British finance will none of them, we are evidently at the end of one more attempt to "do something for silver."

Passive resistance to the Education Bill is assuming serious proportions in England. The policy and the word are not new. Forty years ago Nonconformists resisted the attempt to collect Church rates, and suffered imprisonment and legal confiscation of their goods until Church rates were abolished. In precisely the same spirit they refuse to-day to pay the proportion of the local taxes which is applied to education, holding, first, that the expenditure of the money is not wholly in the control of popularly elected bodies, and, second, that they cannot conscientiously contribute to support of the Church of England schools, the religious teaching of which they disapprove. On this ground thousands of the most sober and pious citizens of England have agreed to be haled to court and sold out rather than pay the school rate. The situation has seemed serious enough to call for two open letters from Mr. Balfour, but it is doubtful if his dialectics can persuade a single sturdy Evangelical to pay up and escape the sheriff. An issue is sharply drawn between church folk and chapel folk which it will be very awkward for the Government to meet, for this defiance of the law is considerate and undertaken in all conscientiousness. Dr. John Clifford, whose chattels have been sold for his school taxes, has pointed out in a reply to Mr. Balfour the practical injustice of the law.

In a season extraordinarily productive of international junketing, it is difficult to distinguish perfunctory visits of politeness from those which have diplomatic importance; but no observer of European affairs will fail to be impressed by the series of courtesies interchanged between France, England, and Italy. There were especial reasons why King Edward in Paris and President Loubet in London should each be sure of a personal welcome: for if one is not inaptly called "the Parisian King," the other might properly be called the English President. M. Loubet has that simplicity and dignity of character which are commoner in England than elsewhere. The tone of the press in both countries has been reserved and expectant as if there were some fear of embarrassing serious negotiations by indiscreet or perfunctory expressions. At present, there is nothing more to note than the drawing together of two countries whose alienation in the past has been as marked as irrational. This renewal of cordial relations comes happily at a time when many outstanding difficulties have been adjusted, and very naturally some hope to see the diplomats of France and England use the present era of good feeling as the basis of a more formal understanding.

Mr. Sidney Lee has written a letter to reassure those good people who had taken alarm lest the trustees of Shakspere's birthplace were about to desecrate "historic Henley Street." He shows that the buildings adjoining Shakspere's house are without architectural or archæological value; that they are in a ruinous condition; and that their removal will be a very great safeguard against fire. Mr. Lee adds that, with the exception of one or two houses, Henley Street, as Shakspere saw it, has long since ceased to exist. Yet the proposal to turn an old building now used as a china shop into a public library brought forth a frantic protest from Miss Marie Corelli; although, as Mr. Lee points out, the present street front not only is a modern brick affair, wholly out of keeping with anything Elizabethan, but is a piece of jerry-building which may collapse at any moment. So easy is it for the average person to regard as venerable and consecrated by tradition the things to which in his little lifetime he has become accustomed. Our readers may remember that, when it was proposed, some three years ago, to pull down the Church of Santa Maria Liberatrice, in the Roman Forum, a cry went up all over Europe. The Forum was being "desecrated." Yet this church was a seventeenth-century affair, in the sorriest baroque taste, and had nothing in the world to do with the Forum or with its history. When it was presently cleared away, the very first result was the priceless archæological discovery of the basilica of Santa Maria Antica.

The dying Pope is still denied a merciful release, but Cardinal Gibbons has sailed to participate in the inevitable Conclave. As he took ship he was asked if, in his opinion, "any American Cardinal" had a chance for the Papacy. Now, as Cardinal Gibbons is himself the only living American member of the Sacred College, the question was a glowing tribute to the naïveté of the reporter who put it. His Eminence is an adept in polite answers which convey nothing whatever. For instance, when he was last abroad, a French interviewer had a pleasing half-hour's talk with him, and extracted the information—that France was a beautiful country. But the fact remains that Cardinal Gibbons is a force seriously to be reckoned with in the next Conclave. Those who have lived in Rome cannot have failed to notice the extraordinary attention he attracts on the rare occasions of his visits there. This is but partly due to the personality of the prelate himself. The real significance of it lies in what he represents. He is at present the only Cardinal in North or South America. His vote, therefore, will be the vote, not merely of the nine millions of Catholics in this country, but of a hemisphere. It may be said that the Spanish Cardinals represent the views and interests of Central and South America. In a vague and distant fashion they do, but the connection is too remote to be worth discussing. But Cardinal Gibbons's influence does not end here. As Cardinal Vaughan is now dead, England will be unrepresented in the Conclave. The other two English-speaking Cardinals, Logue and Moran, are Irishmen. Cardinal Gibbons will thus in a way represent the Anglo-Saxon interests of the globe.

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JUDGE PARKER ON THE FOURTEENTH AMENDMENT.

The address which Judge Alton B. Parker delivered on July 3 before the Bar Association of Georgia has been praised for its dignity and tact. It was more than tactful. An adroiter skating over thin ice, with the air of not even being aware that it was there, was never witnessed. For Judge Parker was speaking on a theme—the Fourteenth Amendment—which his hearers knew to be big with political consequences, yet he never once alluded to them! For him the great bulwark of the suffrage, with the penalties laid down for discrimination against any class in its exercise, simply did not exist. If wholly to avoid the burning question of the day is to show yourself a fit man for the Presidency, then Judge Parker's address should have sensibly advanced his candidacy.

The latter rests, as apparently does the projected Democratic campaign, upon just two phrases. They are: "Give us a rest," and "Let us alone." Do not bother us with your complaints about outraged human rights. Do not inquire whether the Constitutional guarantees are anywhere trampled upon. Do not ask if the equity between the States is violated by the systematic suppression of a whole class of votes in certain States, which yet claim their full representation. Judge Parker did not go so far as to maintain, with Mr. Dos Passos of the New York Bar, that the Fourteenth Amendment ought to be repealed; but he said that it could not now be reënacted, and the entire drift of his address was to the effect that the Supreme Court might be depended upon to declare void any legislation aiming to "fetter and degrade State Governments."

In reviewing the past decisions of that court under the Fourteenth Amendment (where he seemed to be pretty closely following Judge Brandon's monograph on that subject), Judge Parker was, of course, on safe ground. The Civil Rights cases made it clear that the Supreme Court would not tolerate the assumption that Congress could enact a social code for any State, or usurp any part of its police power. But all of that attempted legislation, with the decisions of the Supreme Court holding it void, came under the first section of the Fourteenth Amendment—that relating to "privileges and immunities." The second section remains. It reads:

> "When the right to vote at any election for the choice of electors for President and Vice-President of the United States, Representatives in Congress, the Executive and Judicial officers of the State, or the Members of the Legislature thereof, is denied to any of the male inhabitants of such States being twenty-one years of age and citizens of the United States, or in any way prejudiced, except for participation in the rebellion or any other crime, the basis of representation thereof shall be reduced in the proportion which the number of such male citizens shall bear to the whole number of male citizens twenty-one years of age in such State."

Congress has never adopted the "appropriate legislation" to carry out this part of the amendment. But that it has full power to do so, admits of no doubt. Piecing together various judicial decisions, Judge Brandon, in the work referred to, declares that while the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments do not, of themselves, make an "affirmative grant or definition of suffrage," they do "unquestionably give A, a colored man, qualified to vote in all other respects save only color as B, a white man, a right to vote." "If, therefore," he adds, "State Constitution or law makes color a qualification of voting, it violates a privilege or immunity given the colored man." Of course, the disfranchising laws of the Southern States are cunningly devised. They do not openly state, though their framers are in general frank enough to avow it, that their intent and effect are to rob qualified negroes of the suffrage. It is possible, though we still hope not probable, that these laws can run the gauntlet of the Supreme Court. But Congress can take cognizance of the facts, if the court cannot. In Congress is vested the power to vindicate the citizenship of the United States, wherever it is discriminated against, and to punish, in the way pointed out by the Constitution, those States which set up one test of the suffrage for the white man, and another for the black. But, of course, nothing of all this was permitted to swim into the ken of Judge Parker, expectant candidate for the Presidency!

We are fully aware that there are differences of opinion, even among intelligent negroes, as to the wisdom of reducing representation to make up for the suppressed colored vote. Some fear that the South would acquiesce in the diminution of her political power, for the sake of keeping the negroes as a servile class, not as citizens, and that so the political rights of the negro would be even more hopelessly eclipsed than at present. But we do not believe that the South, despite some flourishes to that effect, would for a day consent to a lessened influence in the House of Representatives and in the Electoral College. Her conscience might be most effectively reached through her interest. In any case, here is a national duty, and the Fourteenth Amendment puts in our hands the instrument with which to execute it. We do not pretend to see in it a complete or final remedy; but it is the most immediate recourse; its use will be sure to fasten the attention of the whole country upon the fundamental questions of government and of morals involved in the wrongs done American citizenship in the persons of colored voters, and we think that a Republican Congress cannot afford to neglect this vital matter for a single day.

POLITICAL AGNOSTICS.

Current politics, in both England and the United States, reveals in certain phases a tendency to sponge the slate clean. We are familiar with the thing in individuals. Every young man wants to find it all out for himself. His own wild oats he considers it necessary to sow, despite the warning crop which his father can point to, fondly hoping that it will be sufficient for the family experience in that kind. It is not so often, however, that a whole generation, an entire nation, illustrates the same principle. The ancient wisdom of the wise ordinarily counts for more, or longer, in public affairs than in an impetuous private life. Great and stable political communities are not apt to speak of their established rules of taxation, or their fundamental theories of government, with the ingenuous ardor of the Irishman writing to the object of his adoration and signing himself, "Yours ever, for the present."

Yet there seem to be certain truths of the financial or fiscal order which each generation insists upon taking up anew. We know how we were put to our trumps in 1896 to prevent the country from disregarding the most elementary principles of monetary science. Men went up and down the land treating the experience of the race as if it did not exist. The past was *tabula rasa*. There was then frequently met among us the same easy assumption that we see in England to-day—namely, that a "belief" on the part of an active politician is as sound a basis of action as the consenting experience and teachings of all who have gone before. Mr. Bryan "claimed" that the free coinage of silver would not work disaster. In much the same way, Mr. Chamberlain gives it to-day as his "personal opinion" that preferential tariffs will not mean the harm to England that the economists and statesmen—including himself, until very lately—have predicted. Obviously, this is a kind of political sowing of wild oats. The people are asked to take the chances on one man's say-so.

This attitude, as Viscount Goschen pointed out in his acute speech on the Chamberlain proposals, involves a kind of agnosticism in economics. Certain things are thought to be settled, but Chamberlain says he doesn't know about that. With a fine air of intellectual emancipation, he says that he must not be asked to accept the infallibility of Bright and Cobden, of Mill and Ricardo. No; the only infallibility which he recommends is that of the man who doubts all the others, and is not yet sure of his own mind. But if we are going to abolish all authority and do away with every fiscal Pope, we cannot set up a new one the article of whose standing or falling church is: "I don't know, but I am going to inquire." Before we

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brush away the past, it is necessary to have at least an assured present.

It seems strange to an American that the principles of 1846 should be so sharply challenged by Englishmen in 1903. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach stands firm, and so do Goschen and the Duke of Devonshire; but a surprising number of others are forgetting the warning of Sir Robert Peel that there would be need of endless vigilance to keep what the nation had wrested from selfish interests. But are not we on this side of the Atlantic displaying a similar political instability, and a weak amiability in allowing the pillared work of the past to be undermined? How about the American principles of 1861-65? There are certain truths which were thought through and fought through in those years. One of them is the equality of all men before the law. Another is that our Government has to deal with men as such, irrespective of the color of their skins, and that we can take no official cognizance of "superior" and "inferior" races among our citizenship. The terrible war carried successfully through by a former generation was not an idle contest to determine the supremacy of one section of the country over another, but to settle aright, and to settle for ever, the question of the sovereignty of the nation as a whole, and of the political principles upon which it was built. Our fathers went into that death struggle not merely to make an end of slavery, but to guarantee to the emancipated slaves every opportunity which a land of freedom can offer to any man. So they did not simply write into the organic law the abolition of slavery, but the safeguarding of all the political rights, and all the privileges and immunities, of our black fellow-citizens.

Now, it is upon this splendid body of political achievement that our own political agnostics are turning their backs with hesitating words about its all having been a mistake. The new American doughface will do to stand alongside the latter-day British protectionist. Both would undo the mighty work of a former generation. Both ignore the teaching past. It is a startling portent when Americans are to be found contemplating with equanimity the disfranchisement of a race, with the restoration of the old doctrine that this is a white man's country, and the tacit setting up of slavery again. If this change grew out of bold and positive convictions, we could better abide it; but it really springs out of the agnostic spirit, with all its limp uncertainties and aimless doubts. And what we may be sure of is that those who, in all this business of the new slavery, assert the thing which they do know—the truths which they have made their own in striving and with tears—will overcome, in the end, all who, in mere dubiety and love of ease, wish to put the whole great question by just as if Lincoln had not lived and died.

A SHORT VIEW OF BRIBERY.

The case of Rhode Island continues to attract public attention. At first people were shocked to learn of the extensive bribery by which a corrupt oligarchy owns the government and sells legislation to the highest bidder; now they are even more shocked to observe that the system is not merely tolerated, but is actually defended by some of the "best" people of the State, leaders of opinion. The daily press of the country is still echoing the defiance of the Aldrich-Brayton ring, uttered in the editorial columns of the Providence *Journal*. The argument for bribery rests on three contentions:

(1.) Bribery in Rhode Island is no more serious than elsewhere.

(2.) If it were not for bribery, Rhode Island might go Democratic.

(3.) Talk about government by majorities is shallow hypocrisy, for "there is not a State in the Union which is not now ruled by an oligarchy."

The first argument contains an infantile piece of sophistry which any Rhode Island schoolboy can detect. True, every State in the Union contains districts that are as venal as the notorious rural communities of Rhode Island; but the latter State is peculiar in that each town and city has one representative in the Senate, and thus some twenty little rotten boroughs control the Legislature. The purchase of these otherwise inconsequential constituencies absolutely nullifies the will of an overwhelming majority, and delivers Rhode Island, gagged and bound, into the clutch of the Aldrich-Brayton syndicate. In New York no such bribery is possible; even in Pennsylvania a revolt against the boss is not unknown; in Rhode Island the conditions are more serious than elsewhere because the majority seems helpless and hopeless. The first step towards freedom is a revision of the Constitution, so that a majority may rule. Such revision is bitterly opposed by the distinguished gentlemen who profit politically and financially from the present arrangement.

The second argument is an appeal to the prejudice of those fine old crusted New England Bourbons who hold that no crime is so black as that of being a Democrat. The complaint is that Bishop McVickar's crusade for higher civic morality will "play directly into the hands of the Democratic party." The hope of virtuous citizens, as represented by Senator Aldrich, is not that the Republicans shall purge themselves, but that Rhode Island shall continue to wallow in filth rather than overthrow the party of moral ideas. No doubt there are plenty of bad Democrats in Rhode Island, as elsewhere; and, unfortunately, some of the leaders of the organization are demagogues and socialists. Governor Garvin himself is accused of holding to the single-tax theory and other damnable heresies. These facts, however, constitute no valid plea for corruption. If the majority of the voters prefer demagogues and socialists in office, they are entitled to their choice, however painful it may be to gentlemen and scholars. The way to bring the electorate to a better mind is not wholesale bribery, but wholesale education.

The situation, however, is not so desperate as alarmed Republicans make out. Not all Rhode Island Democrats are dissolute and abandoned. Ex-Mayor Fitzgerald of Pawtucket is a cheap demagogue, as was shown by his cowardly surrender to the mob in the street railway strike; but rioting is not the only form of lawbreaking. The deliberate corruption of a commonwealth, whether accomplished by a United States Senator or by his agents, is quite as iniquitous. There is not much to choose between a cheap demagogue and a high-priced tool of corporations. Against Mr. Fitzgerald, however, may be set Congressman D. L. D. Granger, who is accepted by the most captious Republicans as the ideal of a heavy respectable. Indeed, the distress of the Republican ring is due largely to the course of the Democrats in putting forward men like Congressman Granger and Governor Garvin. The ferocious attacks upon the Governor by the ring and its newspaper organs are not at bottom on account of his opinions, but because he is honest, and is therefore a formidable menace to political hucksters.

To the declaration that republican institutions are a failure, there is but one answer: They are not a failure. A republican form of government has at times been overthrown in parts of the South, in Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Montana, in New York, and some other large cities. But in no place has corruption struck so deep that men need despair of eradicating it. Those fine bursts of enthusiasm with which the United States declared independence of Great Britain and emancipated the slaves are now in the past. We have settled down to the humdrum business of administering our affairs without brass bands and fireworks. As must inevitably happen, the comfortable and the well-to-do grow sleepy, while the rascals are incessantly vigilant. But the hour of reckoning comes. New York woke up in the autumn of 1901; St. Louis and the whole State of Missouri were roused from lethargy last winter; and enough people in Rhode Island are now stirring to give the big bosses and the little much trouble. No; among those who regard politics simply as a trade and public office as a source of private revenue, the cause for despair is not that republican institutions have failed,

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but that they have succeeded. In the long run majorities rule, and in one way or another they get the men and the measures they want. The thieves and the cutthroats have their little day; but sooner or later honest people recover their own, with accumulated interest. This is the lesson which has been taught a thousand times over in the history of our country. Ten righteous men can yet save even such Sodoms as Rhode Island.

REORGANIZING THE INDUSTRIALS.

The arrival of the period of reorganization of capital in our so-called industrial Trusts is accepted by most people, we suppose, as the coming of the inevitable. Perhaps the strangest symptom of the excited Trust-building period, two or three years ago, was the frank recognition by the community at large that such a reckoning must come later. This belief did not stop the Trust-makers in their work, nor did it prevent the public from buying shares in the enterprises. Clear-headed foresight in such matters was applied chiefly to Trusts organized or owned by some one else. There was always something about the "industrial" in which a man was personally interested that distinguished it from the others. The stability of his own he had figured out; the rest very probably were destined to serious trouble. Added to this seductive reasoning was, of course, the argument that if so-and-so, with his well-known record for judgment and conservatism, was publicly connected with an enterprise, it could be safely taken at his valuation.

Now in all this there was nothing new. We know that England passed through the same experience ten years or so ago. The peers and M.P.s on its boards of directors gave the requisite guarantee, and the peculiar advantages of the rubber-tire industry, the bicycle industry, or the gold-mining industry—sworn to by chartered accountants—provided the needed assurance of immunity from misfortune. Our own experiments with capital have been conducted on a somewhat larger scale; otherwise, it is hard to see where they differ from these recent prototypes. It is true that distinctions may properly be drawn even between overcapitalized industrials. There is possibly some danger that, in its present mood, the public's denunciation may go too far. Within due limits, there was reason and trade advantage in industrial combination; its value has been attested in the recent conservative imitations by our English and German competitors. Even the much abused promoter, if he conducts his business honestly, may be as useful a member of the financial order as the banker and the broker. What we are witnessing nowadays, aside from the inevitable subsiding of the fictitious prices of a "boom," is the collapsing of structures raised by Trust-builders who were either incompetent, or infatuated, or simply dishonest.

Among many others we have in mind one enterprise, the history of whose promotion can find no parallel, so far as our memory serves us, since the days of Grant & Ward. Its history, if it ever comes to be fully written, will present to the public view lawyers of high reputation, and banking institutions of long-established credit, behaving, at a crisis in a negotiation involving tens of millions, with the intelligence which might be expected from a gullible child; allowing their clients to be tricked and defrauded by schemes that would not have deceived a Franklin Syndicate subscriber. That such an experiment should come to grief was inevitable. We do not believe that cases as bad as this were common. Every one knows, of course—it was the daily spectacle of Wall Street for a year or more—that the capital of some very important enterprises has been scattered and wasted in the most fantastic way, and on the most amazing scale, merely to keep up an artificial market for their stock. How far the mischief done in this direction is irreparable, depends upon how badly the wasted capital will be needed by the enterprise later on. But meantime there are some tests which all of our new industrials, good and bad, have met already or must meet in the very near future.

First among them is the need of what is known as working capital. A dozen manufacturing companies may be purchased by one central company, at a valuation reasonable or extravagant, as the case may be. So much is allowed for value of the plant, so much for that indefinite asset called "good will," so much for promoters' fees, so much, perhaps, for an "underwriting syndicate." Each of these payments will be made with the new securities issued by the Trust, or with money raised through sale of such securities. It will be observed that, in the above enumeration, no mention is made of sale of stock to acquire the capital to run the business. Such capital is, however, an absolute requisite. Without it, plant and good will are worthless, because the means of buying the raw material, paying the laborers, and bringing the produce to market will in its absence be wholly lacking. There is, therefore, in the ordinary industrial prospectus, some assurance regarding sums to be set aside from sale of the new securities with the view to providing working capital.

The sum thus set aside will vary with different undertakings. Some organizers will rely on borrowing from the banks, after the practice of individual owners from whom the various plants were bought. Some, either through ignorance or misrepresentation, will misjudge the amount of capital required. Some will trust to luck, planning only to get rid of their own interest in the scheme before the day of trouble. One or another of these three shoals has been the actual cause of wreck in nearly all of the disasters already on record. There are, it is true, some instances, such as the Asphalt Trust, where the enterprise was a fraud from the beginning, and was never able to earn the interest on its bonds. But these cases are probably rare; it is at least a question whether even the wretched Shipyard Trust affair belongs really in that category. The troubles which have developed this present season have arisen in the money market, where every inadequately equipped industrial is learning now, first, that the borrowing of $100,000 apiece by a hundred private manufacturers is a very different thing from borrowing $10,000,000 in a lump by one corporation; and, second, that banks which have loaned their credit fund to sustain prices for shares of industrial companies, are likely to have nothing left to provide such companies with working capital.

This is the sum and substance of the industrial chapter which has now begun, and which will not be ended until the worst mischief of the three or four past years has been repaired. It is fortunate that the forced reconstruction has begun before a general decline in prices of manufactured goods had confronted industrial companies with the problem of falling profits. Had that situation come in sight along with the strain on capital, we should have heard much less of reorganization than of bankruptcy. As it is, the investing public is fairly in a way to learn which of these new concerns are sound—as many unquestionably are—and which are rotten.

PROFESSIONAL COLLEGE COACHES.

A recent issue of the *Harvard Bulletin*, an organ of the Harvard alumni, contains a remarkable editorial article upon the question of the coaching of the Harvard crews, apropos of Yale's latest victory at New London. Harvard's failure to turn out winning eights has for years puzzled all interested in her athletic activity. Since 1885 her 'varsity crews have won but twice, in 1891 and 1899, and this is all the more remarkable in view of the fact that for five successive years her baseball nines have defeated those from New Haven, while her football teams have "broken even" with Yale's since the resumption of athletic relations in 1897.

Since 1901, a professional oarsman, Kennedy, has been in entire charge of the Yale crews. This year he also assumed control of the four-oar and of the freshman eight, with the result that Yale made a clean sweep in the annual meet. At the same time Cornell's professional, Courtney, added to his long string of victories by capturing all three

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of the Poughkeepsie races. These facts naturally lead the *Harvard Bulletin* and other observers to believe that, in the long run, an amateur coach cannot begin to develop as good crews as a professional can turn out. If Harvard continues to stick to graduate coaching, the *Bulletin* is certain that her men must go to New London "with the expectation of defeat." "This," it believes, "is the situation that Harvard must face. In order to win her share of the races with Yale, while the latter employs a professional teacher of rowing, Harvard must also have a professional. There is no way of avoiding the issue." And it asks what Harvard is ready to do about this matter of coaching.

Its own question the *Bulletin* answers for itself in so admirable a manner that we reprint its very striking words, believing that they express the opinion of the majority of Harvard's graduates, and certainly of all devoted to pure amateur sport. The *Bulletin* hopes that

"those who are responsible for the conduct of Harvard athletics will stand firm for graduate, amateur coaching. It is not pleasant to be beaten by Yale year after year, but life is worth living even under those conditions. All Harvard men want to win our full share of victories, but, after all, the ultimate end of athletics is not to defeat Yale. If it were, then the employment of a professional coach would be wise. College sports are carried on for the purpose of benefiting the men who take part in them. If we can get all the good that should come from these contests and, in addition, win rather more than half of the events with Yale, well and good. But when it comes to deciding which is more to be desired, victory over Yale or the benefit of the Harvard men who take part in these contests and of the graduates who are interested, there should be no hesitation in choosing."

This utterance was to be expected from a university which for more than a decade past has worked incessantly for the elevation of intercollegiate contests. It ought, moreover, to cause considerable questioning at New Haven whether success purchased by aid of a professional is, after all, wholly a desirable success, and whether it would not be better to limit Mr. Kennedy's activity to teaching the rudiments of oarsmanship to undergraduates who do not go in for racing, as Mr. Donovan does at Harvard. The whole tendency of intercollegiate sport has been and is away from everything connected with professionalism. So far from resorting to more Courtneys and Kennedys, we hope to see them disappear entirely, and with them the professional teachers and coaches of baseball and football men. Any movement in the other direction would be deplorable if only because it is calling in outside aid. A Yale crew of to-day represents not purely the brain and brawn of the undergraduates of the college, but also the brain of an outsider who has not even the affiliations of a graduate, and who receives pay in exchange for his knowledge. The other objections to professional coaching have been stated too frequently to need repetition. We are firmly of opinion that there is no field of college athletics in which this coaching is not a menace and a detriment to amateur sport. We should like to see even the Donovans removed from college boating, and believe that Harvard should find other means of teaching the rudiments of rowing.

The *Harvard Bulletin's* profession of faith was particularly timely because Columbia was at the parting of the ways. Her graduates, in fact, on Thursday night put an end to professional crew coaching at their university. In this case, after an experience of three years, professional coaching had so clearly been found wanting that there was an overwhelming sentiment in favor of a return to genuine amateur methods. This decision cannot fail to have weight with the alumni of Yale and Cornell, and of the other colleges which are now the worst offenders in the matter of professional coaching. Moreover, the action foreshadows the disappearance of professional coaches from Columbia baseball as well. Thus Columbia, if her reformation becomes complete, will be in a position to set an example to Harvard, for that university has of late had a professional ball-player to train her pitchers. Columbia has found no difficulty in selecting an admirable graduate coach at once—Mr. Jasper T. Goodwin, a very successful oar in his undergraduate days, and for five years an equally successful coach. Yale and Cornell should have still less trouble, in view of their many well-trained crews of the last fifteen years, in getting similarly good men.

THE ELECTIVE SYSTEM AGAIN.

Not even the announcement of the final surrender of Yale to the elective system of studies has caused a cessation in the discussion of its working. That the principle has come to stay, no one denies. The trend at this time is still towards an unlimited choice of the courses embraced in a college curriculum, subject only to the limitations caused by a conflict of hours, or by the requirement that a student shall not enter an advanced course until he shall have passed out of an elementary one. So far there are no signs of a reaction in the direction of prescribing all the studies of a given period, such as the first two years of an undergraduate course. President Dwight of Yale believed this to be the solution of the problem long after Harvard had tried it and found it unsatisfactory, as his own university has since done. Such alterations as are now earnestly urged are a better system of faculty advisers, or the adoption of the group system of studies now in vogue in Bryn Mawr, among other colleges, and perhaps best exemplified in Johns Hopkins University.

There are plenty of proofs besides the recent speeches at the National Educational Conference in Boston of the growing realization that the mere throwing open of the collegiate pastures has not brought about an educational millennium. Our students browse now at will, and unquestionably with better results than when all were forced from one paddock into another. But few contend that the new system is perfect. Professor Ladd of Yale, always an opponent of unrestricted electives, declares in the *Forum* that extreme freedom of choice is not only extravagant, but "contrary to all the educational experience of the race"—this at the moment that his college is introducing the elective system into its freshman year by a vote of 18 to 3 among the academic professors.

Objections more valuable than the criticisms of an avowed opponent of the system are, however, to be gathered from the report of the class which was graduated from Harvard in 1893. Its members have been out of college long enough to have matured their judgments, and yet not so long as to have forgotten the influences of their undergraduate years. The class secretary, in sending out circulars to aid him in preparing his report, asked for criticisms of the college. A large number of men eagerly seized the occasion to express their dissatisfaction with the results of the elective system as they had experienced it. We have reason to know that if the question of satisfaction or dissatisfaction with the elective system had been specifically put, many more of the class would have registered their disapproval.

In the main, the critics find fault because they feel that their education was not well rounded. Unguided, they nibbled here and there, with much resultant breadth of vision, but with a firm grasp of few if any subjects, while those subjects may have been in no way correlated. The difficulties of many were excellently illustrated by this bit of 'Alice in Wonderland' philosophy, felicitously quoted by President Pritchett of the Institute of Technology at the Williams College commencement:

"'Will you tell me, please, which way I ought to go from here?' asked Alice.

"'That depends a good deal on where you want to get to,' said the Cat.

"'I don't much care where,' said Alice.

"'Then it doesn't matter which way you go,' said the Cat.

"'So long as I get somewhere,' Alice added, as an explanation.

"'Oh! you're sure to do *that*,' said the Cat, 'if you only walk long enough.'"

There are plenty of undergraduates who enter without knowing any more than Alice which way they want to go. Were they able to stay in college long enough, doubtless they might get somewhere. But, in the class report referred to, a practising physician declares that "the greater part of my courses were unwisely chosen." A professor at Bryn Mawr found "too much liberty," and now favors the group system. An instructor

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at Brown warns against "the danger of choosing an incoherent course of study." A clergyman grieves over his failure to plan his course towards his life work, while an editor regrets the failure to direct his studies properly. Seven teachers, mostly in colleges, seven business men, six lawyers, three doctors, an architect, and a musician are others who clearly state their dissatisfaction, for one reason or another, with the elective system. Only the social conditions at Harvard and the lack of personal intercourse between professors and students are similarly criticised. Perhaps a half-dozen graduates give the elective system as their reason for entering Harvard in preference to other colleges. Plainly, it is not freedom of choice, but lack of advice how to choose, that is the trouble. Neither at Harvard nor elsewhere has a system of advisers been worked out which is really satisfactory in guiding the freshmen and sophomores into the proper paths.

We recur to the careful study of the elective system at Harvard in the current *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*. The courses chosen for examination were those of 372 men who did full work for a diploma in the class of 1901. Fewer than one-eighth of the choices were of studies known as "snap"—*i. e.*, particularly easy ones. Of these 372 men, 7.8 per cent. could be charged with undue specialization, but some of these had plainly shaped their courses with a view to the study of law. Dividing the subjects studied into groups, such as languages, social studies, and science, it was found that no one had failed to take some work in the linguistic group; that only two had failed to study in the sociological division; and that sixteen only had taken no science. Still other facts are presented which show that determined efforts were made by the students to seek out related courses. Advocates of the group system of studies who favor concentration upon a single class of subjects, or upon one branch of study and its allied courses, will find nothing in this to weaken their case. President Eliot himself has just defined the new ideal in education as the effort to teach a student one or two subjects thoroughly, and to give him a familiarity with as many other branches of learning as possible. The growth of knowledge renders no other course possible. But are Harvard students mastering their one or two studies in the present stage of the elective system?

CULIACAN, AND THE WAY THITHER.

MEXICO, 1903.

Here is a city which the tourist has not spoiled. Indeed, the tourist has not yet discovered Culiacan. It lies apart from the highways of commerce, in the centre of a great plain between the Sierra Madre and the Pacific Ocean, and the way thither is as thorny as the brambled shrubs and cacti that defend the dusty deserts which hem it in. The by-path leading into the Pacific States of Mexico sheers off from the Southern Pacific Railway at Benson, Arizona, a branch of the great transcontinental system, but operated under wholly different standards of comfort. The management seemingly have not carefully discriminated between passenger and cattle traffic. Even the Pullman palace cars are such as one sees in Canada under the name of "colonist cars," like them devoid of dressing rooms, and carrying a single roller towel for the accommodation of patrons on a most democratic, not to say communistic, basis. The standard of service, however, is the only point on which reductions have been made, the prices being retained on the profit-earning plane familiar to northern travellers.

The border is reached at Nogales, where other trials beset one. The railroads whose operations extend into Mexico, have not consulted the convenience of the public. It is possible to check baggage through to one's destination when crossing from the United States into Canada; not so when entering Mexico. To the worry of the custom-house inquisition is added the annoyance of rechecking baggage. If you stop over at the border to see the sentry-boxes down the broad avenue that divides the two republics, the same torments are scrupulously reserved for you. The customs officials refuse to examine your baggage until the next train comes in, and the railroad company refuses to recheck it until it has been examined. So turmoil, hurry-scurry, dust, and perspiration are part of the penalty exacted for entering the land of the tuna. The struggle has this of blessedness in it—one feels so comfortable after it is all over; the valleys look so placid and peaceful, the cacti so green and graceful, the brown and pink of the barren hills so artistic. The red flash of the peon's zarape in the field as he goads the oxen dragging his one-handled Asiatic plough, the line of women filing up from the waterside to yon brown, flat-roofed adobe house, arms curved gracefully to sustain water-jars upon their heads, entice one's thoughts to peaceful imaginations of having come face to face with Rebecca at the well, and of having seen Cyrus's gardener in far Chaldea.

It is useless feeding on dreams. This is not Asia, but Asiatic Mexico, a land of contrasts, a modern world clinging to ancient traditions through two lines of inheritance, an old world wrapped in the swaddling clothes of the new. It may not have been born again, but it is yielding to new influences, putting on a new life. Here is the railroad, for one thing, and there are American wagons beside the cumbersome ox-carts with their ponderous solid wheels. The cars emerge from a valley and swing round a bay where steamships lie at anchor, and there is a railroad wharf with signs of active commerce, while just beyond is the old mole of Guaymas. The city lies snugly packed in between the water and lofty peaks of bare but richly colored rocks. One peak appears to be a volcanic stock, round, tower-like, flanked by a talus of massive blocks, showing energetic denudation.

Guaymas is the port of the State of Sonora; a well-built, attractive city, comfortable enough in winter, but reputed to be hot in summer. Its harbor is large, completely land-locked, and safe. A line of steamships from San Francisco enables Guaymas to serve the needs of the mines of Sonora to some extent, while it enjoys a good trade down the west coast and with Lower California. Across the Gulf are the great copper mines of Santa Rosalia, where seven furnaces are treating the gaily tinted, oxidized Boleo ores for the benefit of French capitalists. A dreary, forbidding, but busy place is Santa Rosalia. The surrounding hills are innocent of vegetation. The streets are ankle-deep in sand. The wind hurls the sand in your face, and envelops you in clouds of suffocating smelter smoke. A mammoth dredge snorts and rattles its chains in the harbor, while a fussy little train carries the furnace slag to the end of the breakwater, building it farther out into the sea.

From Santa Rosalia the coast continues bare and inhospitable. Rarely can even a cactus find moisture enough to grow. The hills are worn down to the rock by the winds and the few torrential rains. Their crests are sharpened to pinnacles. Nowhere in the world exists a more pitiless desert. Yet it has its champions, men who believe in its future value to the world. There is El Boleo, the second greatest copper mine in Mexico, and farther south the silver mines of Triunfo, with a record of phenomenal richness. Why may there not be others? In La Paz they will tell alluring tales of wonderful prospects for copper, gold, silver, and petroleum, in these desert fastnesses, awaiting the touch of courageous capital.

La Paz is the chief mart of the great peninsula. It boasts a harbor, good enough to have attracted Uncle Sam to establish a coaling station. Under its sands lie sweet waters, and a multitude of windmills raise these to the surface to nourish a still greater multitude of date and cocoanut palms, and gardens full of figs and grapes. From the harbor, La Paz is almost ideally beautiful. The gleaming whitewashed buildings peep out from such a grove of palms as is rarely seen. It looks like some rich oasis, where the fabled delights of Scheherezade's fancy might be realized. But in the town this illusion is dispelled. The sun glares out of the blue heavens, gleams from the whitewashed walls, and its light and heat come reflected back with redoubled fury from the bottomless sand crunching under your feet. It takes fortitude and determination to push through the town to the plaza. Here is a refreshing bit of green, fed by a little stream raised from the depths by a diligent hot-air pump bearing the famous name of Ericsson. Before you retreat to the ship, the pearl sellers will have scented you as legitimate prey, for La Paz is the great American centre of pearl fishing. If you are a judge of gems, you may pick up a treasure. If not, you will fare worse than at home, for every urchin in the streets is an expert. In any case, you may be certain that you are buying stolen goods, for the pearl fisheries are controlled by licensed companies, producing solely for export.

From La Paz it is only a single night's steaming back again across the gulf to Altata, the port of Culiacan. It seems incredible that the way to an important and beautiful city should lie through such a miserable collection of palm-thatched huts.

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Close down by the sea they huddle in a waste of parching sand. A few palms wave over them, and a few plucky bananas try to redeem the desolation. As the steamer comes to anchor, a cluster of canoes gathers at a respectful distance behind the boat of the port officials. When the ceremony of the visit is over, the dusky fellows in the canoes charge the ship with savage yells like a brood of pirates. Such competition for passengers betokens less a lively spirit of enterprise than a ravening hunger for a few reales to last until the next ship comes in. The port and the greeting of the boatmen are not reassuring, but the plain as it stretches eastward is seen to support some sort of bosky covering. Where vegetation of any sort can grow unaided by irrigation there is hope, and far away in the east is the blue bank of the Sierra Madre, with a gracefulness of outline showing at a glance that, whatever asperities may lurk within those mountain fastnesses, they at least have not, like the hills of Lower California, given up in despair and flung the last vestige of green from their shoulders.

Considering the isolation of Altata, it seems a little incongruous to find a railroad train standing in its sandy street. On the other hand, the railroad train is equally incongruous as a means of rapid transit in this twentieth century. The locomotive was made in England, fashioned approximately after the American model prevalent thirty years ago, squat as if fearing to lose its balance, with a mammoth bell-shaped smokestack. The passenger coach is a marvellous combination of rigid English trucks and Mexican carpentry, designed with strict reference to severe utility. The permanent way is better than the rolling-stock. Indeed, it must have been wisely located and well built, for it receives little attention to-day. Originally this Ferrocarril Occidental was intended to cross the mountains and effect a transcontinental connection. The location was made, and this much of the road constructed by Mr. Edward P. North, many years ago. Had the work been continued into the mountains, even if the more ambitious project of crossing them had been abandoned, Culiacan would have grown into a great centre, and might have distanced Mazatlan, in spite of some inferiority of geographical situation.

From Altata to Culiacan by rail is forty miles over a level plain, with only a single crossing of the sluggish Culiacan River. In lieu of a bridge, the track is laid on piles, so that during the period of floods communication is broken, and passengers and freight are ferried across. The ride is an experience never to be forgotten. The lagoons near the sea, the curious desert growth of acacias, palosblancos, and various cacti, soon lose their interest as the traveller becomes more and more absorbed in efforts to keep out the dust which pours upon him like an overwhelming rain of volcanic ashes. Suffocated, and weighted down with volumes of dust and sand, no enthusiasm can be his for the pretty glimpses of orange and banana orchards, nor for the broad canefields of Navolato. It is enough for the begrimed traveller patiently to await the journey's end; and when at last the great dome and towers of the Culiacan cathedral burst upon his view, he is as devoutly enraptured as any pilgrim when he hails the Mecca of his desire.

Perhaps it is this first glimpse, with the promise of rest and refreshment which it offers, that makes the cathedral linger so pleasantly in one's memory. But it is in reality a splendid structure, faultless in every line. It harbors no treasures of consequence, it possesses no thrilling history. It is merely the religious home of a devout multitude, expressive of a cultivated architectural taste among the clergy of a century past, and the chief glory of Culiacan to-day. Although of later Romanesque style, its gilded dome and graceful towers, almost like minarets in their lightness, are not out of keeping with the Oriental character of the other buildings which surround it; and when seen against the clear yellow and rose-madder skies of sunset, with the accompanying silhouettes of palms on either side, the picture is thoroughly Eastern.

Beside the cathedral lies the Plaza de Armas, a small square laid out in parterres, in which grows nearly every native plant of beauty, surrounded by bitter oranges, which cast a rich perfume, whether in the season of blossoms or gorgeous with yellow fruit. A few squares westward is the Plaza de Rosales, more modern in its appointments, now become the fashionable promenade. The Colegio de Rosales ornaments one side of the square, and on another the superb home of Gov. Cañedo gives a rare example of the best type of Mexican domestic architecture. It is of vast proportions, one story high, severely plain, but of elegant finish on the exterior, with one large, open room at the corner—the *mirada*—from which a charming view extends up the Humaya River, and over broad bottoms of waving corn, to the far-away blue mountains beyond the plain. Within, a great corridor opens upon a patio filled with palms and roses and other flowering plants. Beyond the patio a high wall shuts out the corral, which is surrounded by an extension of the house devoted to the servants. It thus possesses all the features of the typical Mexican dwelling, untinctured by the taste for American styles which is so rapidly pervading every department of Mexican life.

The college is an institution of no common merit. Dominated by the genius of Dr. Ruperto Paliza, a gentleman of broad culture and high attainments in science, it has not allowed the superficial and ornamental to overshadow the practical in its curriculum. The courses in mathematics, physics, and chemistry are rigid and thorough, aided by laboratories well equipped with modern appliances. The Escuela Modela de Porfirio Diaz is in very truth a model school, following French rather than American methods. In fact, French culture has firmly established its canons of taste in the intellectual development of this part of Mexico. The Industrial School is another institution in which all Culiacan takes special pride, a reformatory for little waifs, where they are given a good elementary education, with instruction in useful trades and arts. The stranger, however, would be disposed to criticise the excessive use which is made of the Industrial School band. The little fellows are marvellously well trained, and they contribute very properly to the pleasure of the city by their evening concerts on the plazas, but it is going a step too far to draft them into service for the theatre and the bull-ring.

Of public works one sees but little. The city has never enjoyed a boom. The mines of the Sierra have contributed a small amount of business, but for the most part Culiacan is the distributing point for an agricultural population. It has grown slowly until it reckons about fifteen thousand inhabitants within its precincts, gathering its increment from the small towns of the coastal plain. So in a certain sense no new blood is added to it, and it has not been quickened by a progressive element to feel the need of modern improvements. It has a fitful service of electric lighting, and the city owns waterworks; but no attempt has been made to instal a sewerage system, nor has the stage of the bobtail mule car yet been reached, in which respect Culiacan has not kept pace with Guaymas. Some years ago an appropriation was made for a bridge across the river, but the funds were consumed in constructing the abutment on the city side of the stream, and so, when the waters are too high for fording, all cargo is still laboriously ferried across in rude canoes.

But if Culiacan is not progressive, it possesses a peculiar charm in the simplicity of life of its people. One sees less of the extreme contrast between rich and poor than in any other important Mexican city. The standard of living is not high, even as compared with the cities of the central plateau. The result is that the struggle for existence is tempered so that an easy frugality renders all classes comfortable. An air of peace and quiet pervades every quarter. Rowdyism is conspicuously absent, and one feels less that an autocratic Government had suppressed the natural instincts of the people than that they of their own accord were orderly and law-abiding. This characteristic pertains to the people throughout this portion of Mexico. Culiacan as the capital of Sinaloa only represents the peculiarity of the State. Life and property everywhere are safe. And it must be remembered that this is a part of Mexico which is farther removed from foreign influences than any other. Sinaloa to-day is perhaps the most distinctively Mexican State in the republic, and yet there is least in it that savors of swash-buckler romance. Picturesque costumes, gaudy liveries, dashing horsemen, do not exist. Even the marvellous hats with their gilt braid, so common still all the way from El Paso to the City of Mexico, are rarely seen in Culiacan. The seeker after novelties and curiosities will meet with disappointment here. The people for the most part are plain, everyday folk, intent upon getting enough of simple food and simple clothing to suffice for actual needs. A few families possess modest fortunes, but in nearly every case these fortunes have been the product of gradual accretions from generation to generation, so that their owners bear their riches gracefully without ostentation. Nearly every man of consequence in the city draws tribute from large estates in the country, and some have gathered wealth from the mines. Two families are interested in extensive sugar plantations, and one of these also operates a large cotton mill. But the Spanish-American is first and foremost a merchant, and almost every prominent name in Culiacan is connected with mercantile interests.

The professions are distinguished by some able representatives. The native physicians, as a rule, are men of high train-

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ing and skill. The legal fraternity enjoys here, as elsewhere, its reputation for trickery, but there are lawyers in Culiacan of scrupulous integrity and of extensive learning. They will patiently labor, following the suggestions of their clients, as few lawyers in other parts of the world would do. It is easy for the foreigner here to find a legal guide who will keep him out of trouble. The existence of a complete code renders this a simpler matter than in the United States, especially as "case law" plays an inferior rôle in Mexico. It is only when the stranger falls into the hands of knaves that Mexican law presents inscrutable mysteries and complexities. The Mexicans are apparently by nature a litigious race, so that one cannot proceed far in any enterprise without facing the ordeal of the courts, but it is a gratification to feel that reliable and able advocates can be found to protect one, and outside of the criminal courts there is no discrimination against the "gringo." It must be said that the gringo often brings his troubles upon himself by not seeking legal advice before he casts some irrevocable die. The word gringo means "incomprehensible," and many of the foreigners' acts are beyond the comprehension of the native. If the gringo argues that the common law should apply all the world over, and that common law is equivalent to common sense, he soon confronts the fact that the aspect of things from the view-point of Anglo-Saxon common sense is but remotely connected with social, political, and legal phenomena as they reveal themselves to the Latin consciousness through the derivatives from Roman law and the Fuero Juzgo.

The foreigner in Culiacan will fare as well as any Mexican if he chooses not to fly in the face of the established order of things. He will meet with sincere cordiality on every side, and will find congenial, kindly natures, whom he will appreciate more and more as his intimacy with them increases. The simplicity of character of the average citizens of Culiacan is striking and refreshing, and can but leave a pleasant impression upon any visitor who has had the good fortune to come into close personal contact with them.

COURTENAY DE KALB.

Correspondence.

THE ETHICS OF BOOK-MAKING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The *Nation* of July 9 contains a letter from Mr. William Roscoe Thayer with reference to the increase in size of volumes 34 and 35 of the new edition of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.' Perhaps the real reason for this increase in size is not due to the "great bulk of material," but the fact that the maps in volume 34 of the Encyclopædia are the same as those in the Century Atlas, which are too large to be satisfactorily printed on a page the size of the other volumes of the Encyclopædia.

Very truly yours, SAMUEL H. RANCK.

BALTIMORE, July 13, 1903.

Notes.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s autumn list embraces 'Reminiscences of an Astronomer,' by Prof. Simon Newcomb; 'American Tariff Controversies in the Nineteenth Century,' by. Edward Stanwood; and 'Ultimate Conceptions of Faith,' by Dr. George A. Gordon.

'The Rise and Progress of the Standard Oil Company,' by Gilbert Holland Montague, is in the press of Harper & Bros. This firm has just given general publicity to the privately printed 'Letters to M. G. and H. G. [the Misses Gladstone] by John Ruskin,' which we lately noticed in the English edition. The brief preface is by the Right Hon. George Wyndham. There is a portrait of Ruskin and of Mary Gladstone, and a facsimile.

James Pott & Co. will publish in September 'Budapest, the City of the Magyars,' by F. Berkeley Smith; 'Paris in '48,' by Baroness Bonde, edited by Constance E. Warr; and a 'Short History of the Ancient Greek Sculptors,' by Helen Edith Legge, with an introduction by Prof. Percy Gardner.

The Delegates of the Clarendon Press propose to supplement their facsimile of the Shakspere First Folio by publishing facsimile reproductions of the earliest accessible editions of that portion of Shakspere's work which found no place in the First Folio. The excluded portion consists of the four poetical quarto volumes: 'Venus and Adonis' (1593), 'Lucrece' (1594), 'The Passionate Pilgrim' (1599), and the Sonnets (1609), as well as the play of "Pericles," which was first published in quarto in 1609, but was not included in a collected edition of Shakspere's plays before the third folio edition of 1664. The four volumes of the poems and the volume of "Pericles" will be reproduced by the collotype process, and will be similar in all respects —size only excepted—to the collotype reproduction of the First Folio edition of the plays, published by the Delegates in December, 1902. This reprint will be executed under the direction of Mr. Sidney Lee, who will contribute full introductions containing the latest results of his researches with regard to the bibliography of Shakspere's poems and of the play of "Pericles." These reproductions will, it is hoped, be ready for publication in the autumn of 1904.

The Cumulative Index Co. of Cleveland has, in response to a general appeal, undertaken to revive its annual volumes, beginning with the year 1899. The intervening years to date will be similarly treated as soon as possible. Under a single alphabet we have the gleanings from fifty leading periodicals, embracing author, subject, title, review, portrait, illustration, and map. For example, articles on France are classified under thirteen headings, and each writer (where known) appears not only in connection with the article, but in the general alphabet, as does his theme, etc., etc. Poets have their verse collectively set down. This tool needs no praise. It is volume iv. in the series.

The utility of Dr. R. H. Knowles's 'Encyclopædia-Dictionary and Reference Handbook of the Ophthalmic Sciences' (New York: The Jewellers' Circular Publishing Co.) must not be judged by the English of the text or the erudition of the etymologies. Of D we read: "This letter stands in the Ophthalmic sciences for the word *dextra* [Latin, *dexter* or *dextra*= right], and with the letter O, abbreviation for the Latin word *oculus*=eye, means both together (O. D=*oculus dextra*), right eye." "Decentred Lens" is thus derived: "[Latin, *de* = away from + *center* = center+German, *lentil*= lens.]" For the rest, this work professes to be a pioneer. The longer articles are treatises; that on Operations describes a series filling eight and a half pages. Biographies are introduced: Dalton, Darwin, Donders, Franklin, Fraunhofer, Rittenhouse, but not Rowland. There are numerous illustrations.

The tenth volume of Cohen's 'System of Physiologic Therapeutics' (Philadelphia: Blakiston) has just appeared. It is occupied with Pneumotherapy, which includes Aerotherapy, or the influence of the atmosphere under different degrees of pressure, and Inhalation, or the application of vapors through the lungs. Treatment by inhaled drugs is a confessed deviation from the original plan of the System, but seems perfectly admissible. The section on tobacco attributes to its moderate use "a more agreeable humor and a quicker wit," and alleges that it "renders bodily and intellectual labor more easy, and increases one's resistance to fatigue," and that it favorably affects digestion. The writer adds: "We must admit that its good effects are largely counterbalanced by numerous troubles quite properly attributed to the abuse of tobacco, such as irritation of the mouth and pharynx, dyspeptic troubles ending in hypopepsia [diminished digestion], vertigo, loss of memory, tremor, amblyopia [dimness of vision], palpitation, myocarditis [inflammation of the muscle of the heart], and angina pectoris." "Largely counterbalanced" is a mild expression, unless "largely" means "much more than." One would scarcely like to balance amblyopia and angina pectoris against a more agreeable humor and a quicker wit. The volume is profusely illustrated with drawings of apparatus, and is carefully indexed.

The twenty-eight-page introduction to Dr. Frank G. Clemow's 'The Geography of Disease' (Cambridge [Eng.]: University Press; New York: Macmillan) is a luminous and philosophical disquisition upon the nature and the distribution of diseases. It is an excellent résumé of the methods by which classes of disease spread, and of their relation to places and peoples, and it may not be condensed or abstracted with any satisfaction. Nearly six hundred pages and a dozen maps that follow contain very well written and accurate accounts of the localities in which the main disorders are to be found, and of the extent to which these prevail. But the absence of an index does not permit one to select a place and then look up its endemics or epidemics. Given a disease, however, and its habitat appears. The essay on the distribution of malaria is particularly instructive. Until recently "malaria" has indicated a cause of disease, carrying on its face an hypothesis; and its application to the disease itself has been made with a looseness only to be tolerated among the ill-informed. Now that defined hæmatozoa are recognized as the essential cause, and especially that winged insects rather than air-currents are known to be the agents that spread the paroxysmal fevers, the name, as representing either cause or consequence, becomes peculiarly inappropriate. Nevertheless as "malarial" and "malarious" under the old hypothesis are so well

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established in professional as well as in common speech, we may properly enough neglect the derivation and take no exception to Dr. Clemow's application of the arbitrary and non-descriptive popular term to the disease itself; and it may be adopted by the nosology as openly as the misnamed "cholera." There is an occasional error in American geography, and a reference to the Confederate army of 1866; but such slips are only to be noted as signs that no graver ones are conspicuous.

Attention should be called to the completion of the third volume of the folio 'Descriptive Atlas of the Cesnola Collection of Cypriote Antiquities' in the Metropolitan Museum of Central Park. The objects shown in this volume comprise those in gold, silver, bronze, iron, and lead, in rock crystal, glass, engraved gems, and inscribed cylinder seals, pottery from Egypt, alabaster and native stone, ivory and bone, with inscriptions in Phœnician, Cypriote, Greek, and Latin. The variety of the present volume is in marked contrast with the first and second in the series, which dealt with stone sculpture and pottery respectively. The effort has been made to represent all the patterns in each class, not to show all the objects in the collection. The letterpress accompanying the plates attempts to describe the objects in detail, including both the obvious features and any others which may have been discernible in the object itself only by the aid of a powerful glass. The arrangement of the plates is by the material of the objects, and the objects are grouped by subjects, not by the localities where found. The utmost accuracy in details is guaranteed by the fact that the reproductions were made by the aid of photography, the printing being done by the gelatine method. There are about thirty colored plates, comprising nearly all the objects in bronze. The entire set of volumes is sold by subscription only, and the edition is limited to two hundred copies, fifty of which stand in the name of the Museum. The printing has been in progress during the past twenty years. Gen. L. P. di Cesnola, Director of the Museum, prepared the first volume, which was published in Boston in 1885, and has maintained constant oversight of the two succeeding volumes, which bear the imprint of the Museum, in 1894 and 1903. In the preparation of the second volume the late Dr. Isaac H. Hall, curator of the Museum, had a large share; and in the third a similar task fell to the lot of Dr. Charles R. Gillett, librarian of the Union Theological Seminary.

David Nutt, London, has just issued, in very pretty dress, the 'Story of Cupid and Psyche,' rendered into very appropriate English from the Latin of Apuleius by Charles Stuttaford. There are four illustrations by Jessie Mothersole, two of which, facing pages 39 and 79, have very unfortunately been interchanged in the placing, so that neither has any relation to the immediate text. In three of the four illustrations it must also be said that the illustrator either has not read the story carefully, or has not endeavored to make the figure of Psyche correspond to the text.

Mr. Charles W. Wood, author of 'Norwegian Byways' (New York: The Macmillan Company), gives us less than a story of adventure or a record of travel, yet decidedly more than a guide book to certain unfrequented routes in Norway. With nothing thrilling in their experiences, the pair of travellers whose excursion is described enjoyed, and point the way for others to enjoy, much that was delightful both in the romantic scenery and in fellow-travellers. The narrative is in excellent taste, and will afford the reader a pleasant hour or two of summer reading, with real profit.

Miss N. H. Moore's 'The Old China Book' (F. A. Stokes Co.), albeit it treats largely of English and Oriental wares, is wholly for American readers, for it tells of pottery and porcelain of artistic, historical, or what used to be called "antick," value that can be gathered in America. It is of sufficient technical as well as descriptive value; with the aid of its instruction the most ignorant buyer should be able to gather an excellent collection of china—if he can find it to collect. But domestic sources of supply have been well hunted, well examined, and wholly depleted; no great collection could be gathered now save from established dealers who have buyers in England. The lists of old blue and white ware stamped with historical and pictorial designs fill many pages. They are arranged in natural divisions. Grouping the wares of each potter and each pottery replaces classification by the pictorial subject of the decoration as in other lists published by other authors, and is the better method, though not so convenient for the china-learner seeking to identify a specimen. Best of all would be a conjunction of both lists, with a system of cross-references. Omissions are few in this book, mistakes are few. The easy, familiar, almost colloquial style renders the text agreeable reading, and the explanatory descriptions, which touch on history, art, and literature, are all well done and informing. The illustrations are many, and some rare pieces are pictured.

A very sensible view of Tacitus, the man and the writer, is to be found in the latest work of the veteran Academician, Gaston Boissier ('Tacite,' Paris: Hachette). He has no sympathy with the notion, once so prevalent but now losing ground, that this historian worked at second hand, following pretty closely one main source. He shows, rather, that Tacitus was an independent investigator, even in his longer works, and, furthermore, that there is no reason to think that he desired a restoration of the Republic, or indeed that any Romans of consequence in the first century desired it. The main part of the book, which is written by this octogenarian with all the charm of style and yet scholarly exactness which has characterized Boissier's earlier works on classical subjects, comprises four chapters: how Tacitus became a historian, the conception of history in his time, his judgment of the Cæsars and his political opinions. Three others are added which have already been printed elsewhere: on Roman schools of oratory, on Roman methods of learning the news, and on Martial. The volume cannot be neglected either by students of Roman history or by readers who admire Tacitus for his own sake.

Constant readers of the *Jahrbuch der Deutschen Shakspeare-Gesellschaft*, the thirty-ninth volume of which ever-useful annual has just appeared, will miss in the current number one feature—the reprint of an Elizabethan minor drama—which has marked recent issues. Instead, we are offered this year two non-dramatic reprints, that of the poet Young's 'Conjectures on Original Composition' (1759), the inclusion of which is justified as a document in the history of Shakspere criticism, and that of a couple of sixteenth-century song books, Wynkyn de Worde's 'Song Booke' of 1530 (previously reprinted by Professor Flügel), and Thomas Whythorne's 'Songes of three, fower, and five Voyces,' of 1571, with facsimiles of portions of the musical setting. Two other articles will also appeal to American students of Elizabethan literature, that by A. S. W. Rosenbach on 'The Influence of the Celestina on the Early English Drama,' and the argument by Charles Crawford in favor of Kyd's authorship of 'Arden of Feversham.' The book reviews, notices of Shaksperiana, and bibliography, as usual, are complete and competent.

The Maryland Geological Survey has published the fourth volume of its general reports, containing information of much economic interest. The first part, "Palæozoic Appalachia, or the History of Maryland during the Palæozoic Time," by Bailey Willis, is a study of the physical changes which have taken place over a wide area, of which Maryland is a part, as recorded in the mechanical characteristics of the rocks. After explaining the processes which have wrought the changes, Mr. Willis gives an account of the growth and wasting of several mountain systems, the expansion of plains of continental extent, their gradual submergence, and the construction and migration of coextensive coastal plains. It describes the upfolding and dislocation of sedimentary strata from two to six miles thick in a zone a hundred miles wide and fifteen hundred miles long, and the withdrawal of the sea from territory over which it is believed to have extended many millions of years. In the "Second Report on the Highways of Maryland," by Harry Fielding Reid and A. N. Johnson, forming Part II. of the volume, is a discussion of certain changes in the testing of road materials devised in the laboratory of the Highway Division of the Survey. The results of several hundred tests of paving brick, cement, and road materials are set forth, and it is pointed out that much permanent improvement of the highways might be made by a proper use of available means without additional cost to the counties. The first portion of the "Report on the Clays of Maryland," by Heinrich Ries, forms the third part of the volume. The book is copiously illustrated, and presents the same elegant appearance which has characterized the previous volumes of the series.

The recent arrival in Cairo of the first consignment of cotton grown in the Sudan is a noteworthy event, not only as a proof of the beneficent effect of British rule in that region, but as the first fruits of a new cotton-raising country of unknown extent and productiveness. It is reported to be, in mercerizing qualities and in strength of fibre, superior to the best Egyptian cotton, but the length of the staple is somewhat shorter. This defect will probably be remedied in time by judicious crossing. As gold, iron, copper, and coal are also found in the Sudan, it is not impossible that in the near future this territory may develop a great mining industry.

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The study of Chinese has been given an important impetus in Great Britain by a recent "Grace" of the senate of the University of Cambridge. It is now formally included in the Oriental Languages Tripos, and it will henceforth be possible to graduate with honors in that language alone, coupled with some knowledge of the general history of the Far East. The University possesses a large and extremely valuable Chinese library, and it is proposed to endow a scholarship in Chinese, as now being one of the important languages of the world.

—Some booksellers' catalogues, by reason of fulness of description, accuracy of collation, and elegant typography, have a known intrinsic value for collectors and librarians. Such conspicuously is the quarto designated Catalogus LIII., 'Monumenta Typographica,' just issued in Florence by Leo S. Olschki, the descriptive part in French. No fewer than 1,385 items are treated in geographical order in 472 pages, with the aid of numerous beautiful facsimiles of title-pages, colophons, marks, designs, ornaments, etc. The chief Latin classics are well represented; so are Jerome and Savonarola, Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio. The Petrarch list we have checked somewhat carefully, and found full of rarities. There is the first edition of the 'De Remediis' (1492), the first of 'Epistulae Familiares' (1492), the first of the 'Opera Latina' (1496), the 'Canzoniere' of 1501, on which Aldus first employed his Italic type, the Bologna 'Trionfi' of 1475, which our bookseller, *en connoisseur*, confidently ascribes to Ugo Rugerius and Donius Bertochus of Reggio; and we leave unenumerated as many more which do not turn up every day. In the Dante lot we meet with the earliest edition of the 'Convivio' (1490); of the 'Divine Comedy' the first Aldine edition (1502), and the second (1515), the Florence edition (1481) with Landino's commentary and etched designs attributed to Botticelli, only partly carried out because of the difficulty of mating intaglio and relief printing, the Benvenuto da Imola commentary (1477), priced but a little below the Botticelli, etc. We need say no more, except that there is a table of authors, another of printers, a third of editions arranged in comparison with Hain, a fourth of illustrated books, and a fifth according to date of publication—from 1468 to 1500 only, though the latter date is transcended in fact. The collation is all that could be desired, nor are the prices prohibitory.

—It is curious to find American cities figuring as foreign cities; to learn, for example, that Chicago is "probably the fourth Polish city in the world," "undoubtedly the second Bohemian city in the world," the third Swedish, the third Norwegian city, etc. Through such expression of truths that do not emerge from the rehearsing of mere figures, Professor Buck, in his 'Sketch of the Linguistic Conditions of Chicago,' seeks to impress upon the American reader the immense foreign element sojourning in this land. This little study is replete with interest both to the linguist and to the sociologist. Perhaps the most significant fact brought out is the assured supremacy of the English tongue. Divided competition on the part of the foreign languages is partially responsible for this; but far more important is the domination of established folk-ways, which visit aberrations from the ideal with scornful epithets and contempt. The first generation knows little English, the second is bilingual, and the third is ordinarily unilingual with respect to the prevailing tongue. The process of absorption appears to be inevitable, and "is substantially the same everywhere." Scattered colonies alone retain the native idiom; and, curiously enough, here, in the new land, acquaintance may be first made with a native tongue; *e. g.*, many Irishmen learn Irish for the first time under the auspices of the Gaelic League. The author states that the linguistic babel of Cairo and Constantinople is of small moment as compared with that of Chicago; and yet, such is our enviable lot, there exists here no "language question" such as disturbs the tranquillity of large sections of Europe. Professor Buck's study is well worth the attention of students in all fields. It is issued by the University of Chicago Press.

—The fourth of the series of sub-reports to the Committee of Fifty which is investigating the Liquor Problem has just been published, Dr. J. S. Billings editor (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). This treats of the physiological and pathological aspect of the case. The best that can be said for alcohol is that, under very favorable conditions and in limited quantities, it may be regarded as a food, and that the recognized pathological changes which follow its free use as a beverage, short of pronounced and continued excess, pass away when abstinence is resumed. Moderation means nothing beyond three ounces of spirits freely diluted, or four glasses of beer, taken with the last meals. More than that is excess, and trouble follows. The food value is exhibited practically only when disease or disability prevents the assimilation of other nutriment, and it should be used as such only by a physician's direction. The sub-committee holds that mental work is impaired and physical effort lessened by the use of alcohol, that it does not protect against cold or fatigue, and that it diminishes resistance to infectious diseases; and it admits without reserve, and with no assembling of formal evidence beyond what is, unfortunately, common observation, that alcoholic excess leads only to evil, moral and physical. The sub-committee very justly condemns the degree and the kind of attention that many States require to be given to this subject in the public schools. Not that it is unimportant: a clear knowledge of the action of alcohol is most important. But it should not be exalted into a study by itself, nor be taught, as now is the case, with misrepresentation of many of the facts. A very curious feature of the investigation is an analysis of many proprietary medicines and some drinks, advertised as "temperance," which range from 6 to 44.3 per cent. alcohol (a "wine" bitter has 47.5 per cent.), whose sale is large in prohibition and local-option States. This paper will be a valuable foundation for the final report of the Committee of Fifty.

—The one hundred and thirty volumes of Records of the War of the Rebellion are a mine of curious and instructive information, not only upon the well-known occurrences of the war, but concerning the inner life of the Confederacy and the minor romances of campaigns and regiments. Mr. John T. Bell of Oakland, Cal. (formerly of the Second Iowa Infantry), has compiled a thin volume of 'Civil War Stories' (San Francisco: Whitaker & Ray Co.), in which are condensed, with his own shrewd and judicious comments, a few of the phases of tragedy and comedy revealed by the Records. Among the chapters which have an especial interest now are those relating to the negro in the war and to General Sherman's opinions upon negro suffrage, as well as upon other subjects in which, according to his wont, he expressed his mind with great independence and often with striking foresight. Two days before Bull Run a communication was received by the Confederate War Department proposing negro regiments for Confederate service; but so revolutionary an idea received sanction by the desperate South only nineteen days before the surrender at Appomattox. Among those in the field who urged this measure was Gen. Patrick Cleburne, an officer of great courage, but the proposition was suppressed for the time, although, it would appear, often renewed in the field councils of officers. An amusing correspondence is printed between a Tennessee citizen and the Confederate Commissary Department upon the possibility of levying tribute upon the inland waters of the South, inaccessible to the enemy, for the supply of sufficient fish to make up the shortcomings of the army rations. Ten thousand men were to be detailed for the fishing, and women were to be set to salting the product; "if these men should average ten pounds each per day, it would supply enough for an army of 200,000." The reply of the Commissary-General recognized the humor of the proposition, and briefly set forth that, in the Government straits for supplies, this resource had not been forgotten, although a vigilant adversary had cruelly broken up some of the seacoast expeditions to this end.

—A Celtic Renaissance is a possibility in which few believe with ardor. Even Mr. W. B. Yeats, its most active apostle, writes in tentative language of the future of literature in "Ireland, where everything has failed." His 'Ideas of Good and Evil' (Macmillan), a score of short essays on poetry, the drama, and the Celtic movement, borrows its title from William Blake, of whom Mr. Yeats says much that is new and suggestive. Blake "was a man crying out for a mythology, and trying to make one because he could not find one to his hand. . . . If he had lived later, he would have taken his symbols from Norse mythology, . . . or have gone to Ireland—and he was probably an Irishman—and chosen for his symbols the sacred mountains, along whose sides the peasant still sees enchanted fires." What Mr. Yeats desires is that the Celtic movement should lead to "the opening of the great fountain of Gaelic legends." What Wagner and William Morris did for Norse mythology, what was done, by Malory and Tennyson and the rest, for the Arthurian legend, Mr. Yeats and his associates would fain do for the folk-literature of the Gaels. "I do not think with unbroken pleasure of our scholars who write about German writers or about periods of Greek history. I always remember that they could give us a number of little books which would tell, each book for some one country or some

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one parish, the verses or the stories or the events that would make every lake or mountain a man can see from his own door an excitement in his imagination. I would have some of them leave that work of theirs which will never lack hands, and begin to dig in Ireland, the garden of the future." By the last sentence we are reminded of Mr. George Moore's 'Untilled Field.' Mr. Yeats believes, of course, with Matthew Arnold that the ideal genius is two-thirds Celt, and that English poetry owes its greatest beauties to the Celtic strain in its writers. He goes further, and looks to the Celtic movement to introduce into this non-creative age "the vivifying spirit of excess"—that excess which is so dear, so natural to the Celtic temperament that when Arnold attempted to differentiate the Celt from the Greek it was precisely in the Celtic lack of measure, which is an element in the Celtic "reaction against the despotism of fact," that he found the grand distinction. "The Celtic race," said Renan, "has worn itself out in mistaking dreams for realities." Mr. Yeats has cultivated a style which he says is himself. "I could not now write of any other country but Ireland, for my style has been shaped by the subjects I have worked on." His style is pleasing and dreamy, but we find nothing essentially Irish in it save a confusion of "shall" and "will" and "would" and "should" which the educated Irishman usually improves away. What Mr. Yeats lacks for the furtherance of his movement is the *vivida vis animi*, the Viking vigor of a William Morris. The genius of Wagner, the unwavering convictions of Morris—who will contribute these to the Celtic Renaissance?

—In his play "Where There Is Nothing" (Macmillan) Mr. Yeats boldly sets his hero on that "roadway of excess" which William Blake thought the shortest cut to the "palace of wisdom." "How splendid is the cup of my drunkenness," cries Paul Ruttledge, an Irish landowner, and forsakes his estate and his prosaic relatives for the open road and the society of "tinkers," the gypsies of Ireland. "Depend upon it," says his neighbor, Mr. Green, "he is going to write a book. There was a man who made quite a name for himself by sleeping in a casual ward." The tinkers can only suppose that Ruttledge is "wanted" by the police. A passion for the open road is not uncommon. But what Ruttledge sets out to do is to "destroy law and number, the laws and the Church, and at last the world itself." "I would like to have great iron claws, and to put them about the pillars, and pull till everything fell into pieces; then we would have more room to drink out of the drunken cup of life, . . . for where there is nothing, there is God." With the tinkers first, then as a monk, finally as a wandering preacher, Ruttledge is beset by this longing to pull down. But the "cup of drunkenness"—a recurring *motif* after the manner of Ibsen—is interpreted by him and his followers to mean free drinks for the whole village; his "vivifying excess" is an excess of porter, a Titanic defiance of petty sessions. Alas for the Dionysiac element sordidly embodied in drunken villagers and drunken police! We have been trained by Ibsen to put off our Philistinism now and again in order to understand, if we can, the point of view of those whose eyes are so fiercely fixed on the ideal that they cannot play the trivial and orderly game of life. The reader of this play, recognizing the symbolism of Ibsen and Maeterlinck, and careful not to range himself with the hero's scandalized relatives, must regret, nevertheless, that Mr. Yeats should assume the rôle of an Irish Ibsen. The Celt in literature has so far been a creditor; it is not by borrowing the Scandinavian method that Irish writers will further a Celtic Renaissance.

—We called attention on their appearance to the first two volumes of Senator Luigi Chiala's 'Giacomo Dina e l'Opera sua nelle Vicende del Risorgimento Italiano.' The third volume, which has just been issued, completes the work (Turin: Roux & Viarengo), and covers the period 1866-1879. Dina's career as a journalist in Italy is comparable to that of Mr. Godkin in America. For thirty years he played the part of an independent, fearless editor, a real shaper of public opinion, who told his readers what he believed they ought to hear, not what they wished to hear. He had not Mr. Godkin's great gift of irony, nor his engaging style, but he had equal sincerity and an equal recognition of education, of letting in the light, as the chief means of helping his countrymen to profit by their political independence. Senator Chiala follows in this volume the plan he adopted for its predecessors, of giving large extracts from Dina's editorial leaders, and of connecting or explaining them by a running commentary. In this way every important political event in Italy during fourteen critical years is passed in review, and, besides Dina's articles in *L'Opinione*, we see letters from statesmen of various groups—for, although Dina was a Liberal of the Cavourian school, he had friends in other parties. The work throws light on international politics—on the war of 1866, for instance, on the relations of Italy with Napoleon III., and on the Papal Question—and will necessarily be consulted by students of those episodes. Incidentally, it rouses our sympathy for Dina the man, not less than our admiration for Dina the great editor.

LIDDELL'S MACBETH.

The Tragedie of Macbeth: A New Edition of Shakspere's Works, with critical text in Elizabethan English, and brief notes illustrative of Elizabethan life, thought, and idiom. By Mark Harvey Liddell. [The Elizabethan Shakspere.] Doubleday, Page & Co. 1903. 4to, xxxiii., 247.

The present volume is the first of what is certainly the most ambitious edition of Shakspere so far produced in this country. The publishers announce it as being, in the opinion of connoisseurs, perhaps "the most beautiful set of books ever issued from an American press," and Mr. De Vinne, who has designed the type on a fifteenth-century model, regards it as his "best workmanship in typography." The style of composition revives a difficult and elaborate method of the fifteenth century, the notes forming a frame to the text on each page. The claims made for the scholarship of the edition are no less high. The editor regards himself as a pioneer in presenting the text in what he calls "Elizabethan idiom," and in interpreting it in the sense of that idiom; and he has brought an imposing apparatus to the accomplishment of his task. A work thus heralded challenges a somewhat close examination of its claims.

It is difficult to understand what constituency the publishers have had in view in this enterprise. "The *perfect* Shakspere thus far," without which "the average man cannot read the plays intelligently," is published in an *édition de luxe*, limited to two hundred and fifty copies, and costing $500 a set. But such editions are not usually meant for the average man; and the millionaires and collectors who buy them are not likely to plod through the mass of minute linguistic information with which the pages are loaded. If the notes are to be a contribution to scholarship, it is a pity that the size and cost of the edition will make it inaccessible to all but a few of the more wealthy libraries and private scholars.

Picturesquely considered, the book is very magnificent. The new De Vinne type is beautiful in design and easy to read, and some of the pages are very successful. Frequently, however, the necessities of scene division and the like cut up the page and spoil its symmetry, and the length of line (added to the close "leading") in the smaller type of the notes is too great for ease of reading when it runs right across the large quarto page. The device of framing the text in the notes, however decorative, is disappointing to the student. In nine cases out of ten the notes run well over on the page following, often, of course, over the leaf, and the lack of paragraphing makes any one note hard to find. On the whole, one is bound to feel that the artistic results of the arrangement are not decided enough to counterbalance the costliness and inconvenience.

The theory on which Mr. Liddell has determined his text is due to his belief that "in the nineteenth century as well as in the eighteenth Shakspere has invariably, save in the case of Dr. Furness's Variorum, which copies the First Folio *punctuatim et literatim*, been modernized and transliterated into the current idiom." He forgets that it is only in the later volumes that Dr. Furness adheres to the First Folio. The reader will perceive, too, that here, as throughout the volume, the word "idiom" is used meaning little more than spelling, for Mr. Liddell himself abandons freely the punctuation, capitalization and typographical peculiarities of the Folio, changes the division into scenes and the stage directions, and emends the text, while preserving the spelling; and it is absurd to speak of standard texts like that of the Cambridge Shakespere as "translations" from Elizabethan into modern "idiom," as we ordinarily understand the words. The value of preserving the Folio spelling is, despite Mr. Liddell's insistence, very doubtful. He himself remarks, in correcting in his text the form "ha's" to "has": "The Folio reads *ha's*, as often; but this is a mere gratuitous piece of philological information—and incorrect as such information usually is—on the part of the printer, who seems to have supposed that 'has' was formed from 'haves' by dropping the *ve*." But this criticism applies constantly to the Folio spelling, which of course has no authority but that of an unknown seventeenth-century compositor. The peculiarities and inconsis-

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tencies so carefully preserved are oftener misleading than philologically significant. And even Mr. Liddell tampers with the spelling. Not only does he modernize words like "ha's," but he takes the liberty of reading "th' set," "th' fogge," for the Folio "the set," "the fogge," and "enterance" for the Folio (and modern) "entrance," in order to make the verse conform to his own sense of rhythm. Thus the advantages of an exact reprint are sacrificed without the compensation of getting rid of the erratic spelling of the early seventeenth century.

The notes give evidence of much careful reading in Elizabethan literature, the gatherings from which have been poured into the present volume without stint. The glossaries of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and the New English Dictionary have been used probably more systematically than in any previous edition, and much interesting, if not always relevant, linguistic information has been derived. But the editor's erudition far outstrips his judgment, so that there are astonishingly few interpretations made in the light of these illustrative quotations which are at once novel and convincing. As an example of this part of his work, take his treatment of the lines in "Macbeth," I. 2:

> "The merciless Macdonwald
> (Worthy to be a rebel, for to that
> The multiplying villanies of nature
> Do swarm upon him) from the Western Isles
> Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied."

The usual interpretation is that the speaker regards Macdonwald's rebelliousness as a natural outcome of his vicious traits. But Mr. Liddell says, "*That* seems to refer to the rebels' mercilessness, with *to* in its common El. [Elizabethan] sense of 'besides.'" Further, the "*multiplying villanies of nature* are 'the kerns and gallowglasses' themselves, and not vicious aspects of Macdonwald's character." This is supported by quotations to show that "beastly behavior" was characteristic of kerns and gallowglasses, that "*swarm* is not elsewhere by Shakspere used with reference to abstract qualities, but refers to the gathering of mobs," and that "multiplying, too, generally means 'prolific,' not multiplied.'" A careful comparison of this learned ingenuity with the passage itself is a sufficient refutation.

Mr. Liddell is so profoundly impressed with the difference between Elizabethan and modern English that he is constantly forcing the sense of Shakspere's language away from modern English; while, on the other hand, he views the connotation of modern English as mechanical and impoverished, like a foreigner who is ignorant of our colloquial speech. This defect will be particularly annoying to Shakspere scholars who have been accustomed to plead for a serious study of Elizabethan idiom, and who here find their case spoiled by over-statement. This tendency is so pervasive in the edition that it calls for illustration. On Lady Macbeth's words, "Yet doe I feare thy nature; It is too full o' th' milk of humane kindnesse," etc., he says, "Nature has here its usual Elizabethan meaning of 'character,' cp. I. 3. 137." On Banquo's words, "Th' heaven's breath Smells wooingly here," he says, "*Smells* seems in Elizabethan English to have meant 'breathes upon,' cp. Florio, *'oreggiare*, to breathe, to blow as aire or winde, to sent, or smell pleasantly'; cp., too, 'The ayre breathes upon us here most sweetly,' Temp. II., i. 46." But the quotation from Florio does not prove that "smells" in Banquo's speech means anything but what the modern reader would suppose; and the whole passage is typical of a peculiarity of frequent occurrence in Mr. Liddell's use of his authorities, viz., the assumption that all the words used in a glossary to explain a given term are synonyms of one another. Again, on Lady Macbeth's "What beast was't then That made you breake this enterprize to me?" he writes, "*Breake* is Elizabethan English for 'disclose,' cp. 'therefore . . . Katherine, breake thy minde to me in broken English,' Hen. V., V. 2. 265." "To be counsail'd" is an Elizabethan phrase meaning "to take advice," cp. "pray be counsail'd," *i. e.*, "take my advice," Cor. III., 2. 25" (p. 59). "*Scales* in Elizabethan English are the scale-pans of the balance" (p. 72). "*How goes the world?* is an Elizabethan conventional expression meaning 'What's the news?' as in Tam. of Shr. IV., i. 35 (cited by Delius); in Phr. Gen. it is translated by *quid novi*" (p. 87). Examples of this implied denial of ordinary modern meanings are found constantly, and the notes are burdened with such unnecessary matter. The inference that is forced upon one is that for the completing of his equipment the editor needs to familiarize himself with the modern usage of English, both literary and colloquial. The peculiarities of his own style, like the use of "idiom" already noted, his persistent employment of "verbiage" for "diction," and similar oddities of expression, strengthen this inference.

Both in the notes and in the introduction considerable space is devoted to æsthetic criticism, and this is often interesting and suggestive. Mr. Liddell regards the *motif* of "Macbeth" as "essentially the same with that of the Heracles Mainomenos of Euripides, or that of the classic and mediæval story of Hercules Furens, or that of the mediæval and modern Faust legend." The witches he interprets as powers of evil corresponding to the Furies that invade the soul of Hercules, and he dwells throughout on the conception of Macbeth as insane, as devil-possessed, as an ambitious man "bargaining with the devil and selling his soul in exchange for power." It is not quite clear how far he regards these three states as identical; and indeed in his whole treatment of Shakspere's great tragic heroes, Hamlet, Lear, Othello, and Macbeth, as insane, there is some indistinctness in his use of the term.

In "Macbeth" Mr. Liddell finds a peculiar external unity of form "secured by the insertion of narrative scenes between the several acts of the play to serve the purposes of the Greek chorus," and this choral element he emphasizes again and again. But when one considers that such narrative scenes occur frequently in the Elizabethan drama as a somewhat obvious device for giving information not easily presented in true dramatic form, that they occur in the middle of acts in "Macbeth" itself (*e. g.*, the bleeding sergeant, I. 2), that no such scene occurs between acts I. and II., and that the spectator attitude so essential to the chorus is absent, it is hard to feel that there is more than a vague analogy between the purpose of such scenes and the functions of the chorus. The mere absence of underplot, the singleness of the theme of Macbeth's internal development and external career, is an easier explanation of the marked unity of the play. In spite of such criticisms, however, Mr. Liddell's study of the plot and the characters has produced valuable results, and his interpretations are given with enthusiasm and eloquence. The edition is furnished with an admirably full glossarial index.

When the attempt is made to gain legitimate prestige by issuing editions of the great classics, by giving these a worthy and even a splendid material form, and by employing a scholarly editor, one is bound to meet it with approval and sympathy. It is with the more regret, then, that we find ourselves forced to draw attention to what appears to us the lack of sound judgment both in the publishers' conception of the fitness of the contents of an edition to the public selected by its price, and in the editor's use of his undoubted erudition.

THE STREETS OF LONDON.

Highways and Byways in London. By Mrs. E. T. Cooke. With Illustrations by Hugh Thomson and F. L. Griggs. The Macmillan Co. 1902.

It has been said that in order to be a good biographer it is necessary to have a profound enthusiasm for the subject to be portrayed. If this quality is also necessary for topography, Mrs. Cooke is eminently qualified for her task, for enthusiasm she has to a superlative degree. She knows London thoroughly well, and the people of all classes who are to be met with in its highways and byways, and she writes of them with understanding and with a fine sense of humor, for this is not a guide book to places and monuments merely: it goes much farther, carrying one into the very life of the people, besides telling us so much about the town and all its ways.

The Londoner, born and bred, generally bent on business when in the street, is not observant by nature; he hurries along with eyes on the ground, his chief preoccupation being to cover space as quickly as possible, so great are the distances and time so valuable. The dull, uniform streets or crowded thoroughfares do not reveal to him their connection with the interesting people who have lived and suffered in them, leaving their mark on the world, nor has he the advantage of the traveller in a Baedeker for companion of his walks. Therefore to Londoners especially this book will bring enlightenment and invest even mean streets with their associations with the past. For travellers also it has its special advantages, since it contains innumerable quotations from great writers whose impressions one likes to note and to have together ready to look up at the right moment.

Mrs. Cooke has a deep conviction that everything is for the best in her native city; she would not even dispense with the soot and grime, in which she sees "a mellowing, softening, harmonizing effect on the architecture and street monuments." We cannot agree with her in calling soot "an artistic value," although such statuary as is to be met with in the squares and parks, the lions in Trafalgar Square, and the deplorable caryatids of St. Pancras Church lose nothing by being covered with a veil

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of blackness; but it does seem a little too much, after lauding the architecture of St. Paul's, to rejoice in its festoons of blackened roses. In a well-conceived design everything is intended, not left to chance effects of climate; therefore, to say that St. Paul's is "blackening ever year by year, yet gaining immeasurably through that very blackness," is poor praise to Wren, who had not counted on this effect. Hawthorne shares Mrs. Cooke's opinion. "There can not," he writes, "be anything else in its way so good in the world as just this effect of St. Paul's in the very heart and densest tumult of London. It is much better than staring white; the edifice would not be nearly so grand without this drapery of black." We are told the cost of the building was defrayed by a tax on all coals brought into the port of London, so that it gets its blackness by right. This grime is at all events a well-established fact, which has to be accepted.

Mr. G. A. Sala also is in favor of the smoky chimneys. He says about St. Paul's: "It is really the better for all the incense which all the chimneys since the time of Wren have offered at its shrine, and are still flinging up every day from their foul and grimy censers." As a flower of speech, this is good, but as criticism it is equivalent to saying the less seen of it the better. M. Taine, the French critic, evidently thinks otherwise; he writes of Somerset House:

"A frightful thing is the huge palace in the Strand which is called Somerset House. Massive and heavy piece of architecture, of which the hollows are inked, the porticoes blackened with soot, where in the cavity of the empty court is a sham fountain without water, pools of water on the pavement, long rows of closed windows. What can they possibly do in these catacombs? It seems as if the livid and sooty fog had even befouled the verdure of the parks. But what most offends the eyes are the colonnades, peristyles, Grecian ornaments, mouldings and wreaths of the houses, all bathed in soot. Poor antique architecture—what is it doing in such a climate?"

No wonder the pretentious Georgian and early Victorian stucco style, so unsuitable for the moderate-sized house, found little favor with the French critic. The present fashion for red brick and terra-cotta, with large casements, inaugurated by Philip Webb and Norman Shaw is certainly more agreeable to the eye and better adapted for the homes of middle-class people. To decide what style of architecture prevails in the medley of different periods constituting London, is indeed difficult. Our authoress concludes that the "dark house in the long, unlovely street" which Tennyson tells of and Mme. de Staël vituperates, covers the greater number of acres. The fact is, each of the districts constituting London as it now is, *i. e.*, Belgravia, Tyburnia, Bayswater, Kensington, Chelsea, etc., etc., has the impress and character of the time of its greatest popularity and fashion and of the class by which it was principally inhabited. As Mrs. Cooke justly says: "It has always been the city's fate to have its past overgrown and stifled by the enthralling energy and life of the present. It is as a hive that has never been emptied of its successive swarms. This is more or less the fate of all towns that live."

It was not till Elizabeth's time that there were as many houses outside the city walls as within them. The first map of London published in 1563 by Ralph Ugga shows the same thoroughfares existing now—the Strand, "Chepe" and Fleet. In a later map of 1610, London and Westminster appear as small neighboring towns with fields around them; Totten Court, a country village; Kensington and Marylebone secluded hamlets; Clerkenwell and St. Gyllis quite isolated from the main city, while Chelsey was quite in the wilds.

Even the great devastating fires did not destroy the line of the public highways. After that of 1666 Sir Christopher Wren wished to remodel the town and make it regular, symmetrical and convenient; but although he was the prevailing spirit in the rebuilding of London city, and no important building during forty years was erected without his judgment, his plan for regulating and straightening the streets did not take effect. Much of the picturesque quality of the city is owing to its irregularity and the remains of its past. Wren rebuilt no less than sixty churches, all showing great variety of design. St. Paul's, the third Christian church since early Saxon times on the same site, was his masterpiece. Although an adaptation of St. Peter's of Rome, it bears the impress of his versatile genius. His influence in architecture continued late into the eighteenth century.

Of his immediate predecessor, Inigo Jones, the Banqueting House in Whitehall, now used as a museum, remains; it is a fragment of the splendid palace designed by him for James I., to take the place of York House of Wolsey. The classical revival began with G. Gibbs; he built St. Martin-in-the-Fields, whose Greek portico, according to Augustus Hare, is "the only perfect example in London." The brothers Adam also flourished at this time, and introduced grace of line and much artistic skill in domestic decoration. Sir W. Chambers with Somerset House, and Sir John Soane with the Bank of England, continued the classical tradition, but it did not prevail in full force till Nash, "the apostle of plaster," planned Regent Street, from Carlton House to Regent's Park, and the terraces in that locality, all in the tawdry pseudo-classic stuccoed style, which was applied indiscriminately to churches, shops, railway stations, panoramas, etc., etc. It was not till the middle of the last century that the Gothic revival began to flourish. Pugin, Britton, and Sir John Barry then became prominent. The last-named built the Houses of Parliament, which elicited so many different opinions. Bodley and Norman Shaw have made the Queen Anne style, which now prevails, popular, and it is applied indiscriminately in a cheap form to every conceivable purpose. The demand for originality in street architecture is to be seen in the tall, important blocks of residential flats and new hotels now rising up in every quarter. They are the signs of the times, showing the process of transformation which is going on rapidly, sweeping away much that is beautiful to meet the requirements of modern life.

It is not in the architectural survey of London that Mrs. Cook is at her best, but in the many sides of London life she gives us with so much vivacity. She has a knowledge of the people which can be acquired only by those who have an extraordinary gift of sympathy which puts them in touch with all humanity. Whether it be of the Yiddish slave market in Whitechapel; the Italian colony of Eyre Street Hill, consisting of models, organ grinders, and ice-cream venders; the sailors' town east of the Tower—she writes as one who knows from her own experience. Mrs. Cook is especially fond of children, and gives us innumerable anecdotes of the sayings and doings of little Cockney waifs and strays in their own dialect.

The illustrations are numerous. Those of places, by Griggs, are often good. Mr. Thomson's character sketches are so exaggerated as to be almost caricatures.

People of the Whirlpool: From the Experience Book of a Commuter's Wife. The Macmillan Co.

'Twixt God and Mammon. By W. E. Tirebuck. D. Appleton & Co.

"People of the Whirlpool" is the literal translation of the Indian name given by their Long Island neighbors to the inhabitants of aboriginal New York, in reference to the seething waters of Hell Gate—a name singularly appropriate, on other grounds, to the New Yorkers of to-day. The book, written by our old friend Barbara of the 'Garden of a Commuter's Wife,' is fundamentally a protest against the ideals of life held by the very rich of our day, and the demoralizing influence which these have on all with whom they come in contact. A colony of the "Whirlpoolers," as she calls them, establish themselves on the bluffs near the house in which Barbara, now married and the mother of twin boys, has lived all her life, endangering with their false standards the happiness of the whole community. The same note is struck in the experience of two New York friends, an old bachelor and an old maid, people of means, of good family and connection, who find themselves gradually isolated by the different manner of life that has grown up about them. Barbara makes a plea for the obsolescent home, for simple domestic pleasures and true neighborliness; she deplores the lost art of sociability, the unrest of an age that stays in a place only long enough to plan the next move.

The atmosphere of the book is pleasant, even very pleasant; it is both interesting and amusing, while the underlying truth makes it profitable. As to this truth itself, the demoralizing effect of wealth on a community, there has never been a time in history when the writers of one generation have not condemned as demoralizing customs that are a matter of course to the next—a fact significant of more things than can be touched on here. The weakest point in 'People of the Whirlpool' is the mechanical pairing off of the characters in play fashion. An old couple, as well as a young couple, is sent in front of the footlights in a perfunctory way that cheapens the effect of the whole book.

"There is human nature, and there is Welsh nature," says Mr. George Meredith. We question whether the epigram expresses anything more than the conventional Anglo-Saxon attitude to the Celt in general; the Celtic temperament being a thing that the Anglo-Saxon equally admires and avoids. In ''Twixt God and Mammon' Mr.

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Tirebuck gives a picture of Welsh farm life which does credit to his power of observation and his appreciation of certain aspects of the modern Gael and his aims. It was Mr. Tirebuck's ambition to become the novelist of Wales, but he was handicapped by an ineptitude for style, a lack of vocabulary, a lack of form surprising in a writer whose single and lifelong ambition was literature. Mr. Hall Caine's memoir of his dead friend is more interesting than the tale that it introduces; in fact, one could hardly read the tale through but for the curiosity as to Mr. Tirebuck that Mr. Caine inspires. Wales still awaits her novelist, but the figure of Josiah Probert, the unhappy young Welsh farmer with his Eisteddfod aspirations and his incomplete poetic gift, is striking and pathetic. He, however, is not the hero, and the main theme of the book is the conscientious scruples and the final lapse into worldliness of the Rev. Gomer Dean, a sort of Theron Ware, whose damnation comes of conforming to the conventional. Count Tolstoy is reported to have said that certain passages in Mr. Tirebuck's earlier novel, 'Miss Grace of All Souls,' are the best that has been achieved in modern fiction. As a critic, Count Tolstoy is, of course, completely disqualified, and one can see that what attracted him in Mr. Tirebuck's work was the incessant moral conflict, the balancing of the things of this world against the things of the soul, that may result in the "Resurrection" of a libertine or the degeneration of an ascetic. Mr. Tirebuck's contributions to this sort of literature are deficient in everything that insures immortality, since they lack the only antiseptic, style. Of the present work it is but fair to add that its final revision was interrupted by the author's death.

Sophocles: Translated and explained by J. Swinnerton Phillimore, M.A. (The Athenian Drama Series. Vol. II.) Longmans, Green & Co. 1902.

Professor Phillimore is the successor in the chair of Greek at Glasgow of Mr. Gilbert Murray, the translator of Euripides, and he employs in this translation of Sophocles the metre which in Mr. Murray's hands seemed well chosen because it was excellently wielded. When Dryden

"Grew weary of his long-loved Mistress Rhyme,"

and abandoned the rhymed couplet, he wrote some verses on the impropriety of such fetters for the fierce passions of tragedy; but lest he should some day be tempted to revert to rhyme, he added a saving clause in prose, to the effect that success with the rhymed couplet was not impossible, though for the time beyond his powers. Rostand has proved that the French Alexandrine can be made supple and flowing and expressive by a masterhand. Our five-foot rhymed couplet is the best English equivalent. The writer who ventures to express tragic emotion in the favorite metre of Pope must of course avoid magniloquence and smooth monotony. But there are worse extremes. Sophocles was neither jerky nor colloquial, while Mr. Phillimore is both. We trace his failure, which is signal, partly to the fact that he is no poet, partly to the determination of the Glasgow School to be at their ease with the classics; they are bent on bringing the modern reader in touch with the Greek writer, even at the cost of pulling the Greek down from his pedestal. So it is that the Professor of Greek in the University of Glasgow makes Œdipus, that immortal pattern of a tragic hero, address Antigone with the query:

"Say can you teach me what's the place we're at?"

To whom Antigone:

"He's gone; so, father, you may now speak out
In peace, for none but I alone's about."

The dread Eumenides are apostrophized as "Ladies," and Antigone, in her marvellous dirge, sings of "blubbered eyelids," which is well enough in Spenser, but in the present context gives a false effect of quaintness.

For the most part Mr. Phillimore errs on the side of plainness, not to say uncouthness, of diction, so that such phrases as "matrimonial resort" (p. 48) or "Ballad-monger Bitch" (the Sphinx) are not alien to his style. But there are passages for the meaning of which one turns to the Greek text precisely as though one were reading Browning's version of the "Agamemnon":

"*Cho.* Mercy on us, Zeus! What may the man be?
Œd. Mine is not all that a destiny can be,
Meet for a blessing, Lords of the regions.
Proof of it—how by these alien eyes
Had I walked otherwise—
Sheer-hulk on a tiny allegiance?"

On page 67 Œdipus tells Antigone that

"In learning is
The circumspection of activities."

Yet nothing could be clearer than the original. Antigone's simple appeal to the Chorus (p. 72) is rendered:

"Merciful-spirited sirs, here dwelling,
Tho' you could not abide to behold
Father—his blindness; because Fame told
Those unpurposed acts he fell in,
Still, we beseech you adoringly, ear to my misery, mine—
Ear incline,—
Suppliant here in my wrecked sire's cause to you—
Cause that I plead with you, eye to eye gaze at you,—
Eyes not of blindness mine—e'en as if I were a
Vision of kindred aris'n to you—O let his
Woes find mercy!"

This is neither sense nor poetry. Mr. Phillimore, in a note, refers to this monody as a *libretto*, and certainly in his version it reminds one of those monuments of sheer imbecility, the translated *libretti* of the Wagnerian operas.

A phrase which literally translated means "most insatiate of all men," is rendered "the arch-arch-unappeasable." Yet we are told in Mr. Phillimore's 'Introduction' that Sophocles is "never prosaic," that his odes were "rich with poetry," that he satisfies all Burke's requirements of smoothness, evenness, and beauty, and never "clothes his thoughts in reach-me-downs"—a vulgar trade term for ready-made clothing, the use of which illustrates the "levelling-down" method of the translator. "Woe to them that are at ease in Zion!" And woe to the English reader who must take Mr. Phillimore's word for it that Sophocles does exhibit all these and other perfections, yet can never catch a glimpse of them in this version.

We have not the space for further quotation, and since other and better translations of these three plays are to be had, it would not be worth while to dwell on the defects of this, were it not that Mr. Phillimore represents a tendency in modern scholarship; is himself a good scholar, speaking with authority from the chair of a great university which has long been associated with some of the best classical scholarship in Great Britain; and contributes this volume to a series which aims at nothing less than a standard English version of the poets of the Athenian drama. *Corruptio optimi pessima.* The better the scholar, the more reluctant he should be to assume the poet and set himself the poet's task. What *does* the intelligent "English reader" think of the poetry of the Greeks? He has the right to ignore it, as he usually does, silently; to reject the tradition of its charm until he is confronted with English versions that for sheer beauty and power cannot be respectfully neglected. It still rests with the poets to produce such versions; yet those of them who are Grecians seldom venture on more than a paraphrase. Mr. Lang, who is almost a poet, would not dream of harboring the ambitions that resulted in Mr. Phillimore's 'Sophocles.' Shelley, Matthew Arnold, Tennyson, and Swinburne borrowed for the most part to paraphrase, and have not repaid their borrowings with a translation of the original whole. A good instance is a sonnet of Wordsworth's which no English reader, we should suppose, can fail to appreciate:

"Still glides the stream, and shall for ever glide;
The form remains, the function never dies;
While we, the brave, the mighty, and the wise,
We men who in our morn of youth defied
The elements, must vanish."

The central thought here, the line that thrills, is taken from the dirge of Moschus: "Ah me, when the mallows wither in the garden, the green parsley, the curled tendrils of the anise, on a later day they live again, and spring in another year; but we men, we the great, the mighty, the wise, when once we have died, in hollow earth we sleep, gone down into silence; a right long and endless and unawakening sleep."

When all is said and done, it still remains for the English reader to learn to read Greek; for without that ability he can never fully appreciate the best in English poetry, or at any rate his appreciation will lose the charm on which Aristotle laid stress—the charm of recognition.

Love Letters of Margaret Fuller, 1845-6. With an introduction by Julia Ward Howe. Appletons.

It is hardly to be expected that any publisher should abstain from adding the alluring name of Love Letters to what their discreeter editor describes only and more accurately as "letters inspired by a very fervent friendship." The person to whom they were written is no longer living; he omitted in editing them, by his own statement (p. 5), such passages or entire letters as he saw fit; and he caused them to be privately printed in Europe and sent out to this country, several years ago, with an unsuccessful effort after publication. They are now finally reprinted, and in a judicious form and manner, with an excellent preface by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, and some good supplements or mitigating influences; as one might say, in brief contemporary essays by Emerson, Greeley, and Congdon.

The existence of these letters was known in a general way to the various preceding biographers of Margaret Fuller Ossoli; but they were set aside as having little real value either as to certain authenticity or personal

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interest. There also existed the tradition that there was in the background some diseased influence, not now clearly traceable, and exerted not over Miss Fuller, but over Mrs. Horace Greeley, then the victim of nervous disorders not easily to be disentangled. She was watched over with the most careful interest by Margaret Fuller, and we have glimpses of the invalid's condition in this respect only in a few letters here and there (pp. 103, 126, 128, etc.). What farther light might be thrown on the matter if the German friend had seen fit to publish all the letters, we can now only conjecture, and it is fortunately not worth conjecturing. As to Margaret Fuller's own relation with Mr. James Gotendorff (*né* Nathan) we only discover that her expressions of personal interest ranged at the time from the apparent ardor of the German "Liebster" (p. 87) to the more guarded and more habitual "chosen sister" (pp. 108, 130, 145). As for the gentleman himself, his sentimentalism outlived its object, and here closes its expression with such a flight as this: "The mutually much-longed-for meeting is yet to be somewhere! somehow!" This was written apparently in 1873 (p. 6). How much this was reciprocated meanwhile by the lady herself may be judged by her dismissal of him, a quarter of a century earlier, in 1846, after receiving his last letter in Edinburgh; the record being still visible, in her handwriting, in her MS. diary preserved in the Cambridge Public Library, to this effect, under date of Sept. 6: "I understand more and more the character of *the tribes*. I shall write a sketch of it and turn the whole to account in a literary way, since the affections and ideal hopes are so unproductive" (p. 187). It is pretty certain that this diary was never seen by Mr. Nathan; but if it had been, he might have been confirmed in the purpose of "turning the whole to account in a literary way" in his own behalf, through this volume. Interest is at any rate given to the reprint by the revived study of the "Transcendental" period in this Emersonian year.

Variation in Animals and Plants. By H. M. Vernon, M.A., M.D., Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford. Henry Holt & Co. 1903.

At the present time, activity in biological research is chiefly centred upon the study of variation. Almost every investigation bears directly or indirectly on this subject, and almost everything is made tributary to it. Within the last few years a considerable number of the investigators in this field have adopted certain suggestions in regard to graphic representation which were made a good while ago, and they now endeavor to express in precise mathematical terms the results which they obtain. Obviously there are many ways in which the results can be exactly or approximately expressed, and therefore there has been considerable diversity in the methods adopted. Dr. Vernon, in the small treatise here mentioned, has brought together most of the widely used methods, and has accompanied the description of them by illustrative examples. Even if he had done merely this, he would have rendered a good service to science, since he here places in a form convenient for comparison the rival schemes of mathematical expression.

At first, it seems strange to have a naturalist deliberately set about the task of counting the sepals and petals of a thousand buttercups or the florets of as many daisies. It seems hardly more dignified as a scientific pursuit than the counting by a maiden of the florets she tears from a daisy, to determine her exact relation to another person. But when the results are properly tabulated by the naturalist, and the curve deduced therefrom, certain interesting aspects are presented which do not appear when the variations in number are expressed in vague terms. These mathematical expressions afford means both of analysis and of comparison, so that by their right employment the whole range of correlated variations becomes much extended. Moreover, such expressions place in the hand of the investigator a safe means of indicating the results of experiments. The relations of environment to variation are also more clearly expressed by such formulæ and curves. Dr. Vernon adds to the value of his book by dwelling upon these subjects and indicating the results which have lately been obtained. In some instances these results are most unexpected.

Naturally, the more impulsive investigators have seized upon these mathematical expressions as convenient and exact graphic representations of the limits of species at any one age and place. It is likely that a good deal of this fascinating work will not bear the test of time, but it is nevertheless stimulating in a high degree. The whole treatise by Dr. Vernon is readable and well-proportioned. In a few instances there is some confusion of terms, but not enough to embarrass even the general reader. The authorities are cited with commendable fulness, and due credit is given to the pioneers in this field. Best of all, the treatise is enriched by a good table of contents and by a subject-index remarkably complete. We can heartily commend the work to all who are interested in the new methods of investigating the subject of variation in plants and animals and in recording their results. That some of these new methods have come to stay, no one can doubt who sees the interesting manner in which the journal *Biometrika*, devoted to their interests, is being conducted.

Lectures on the History of the Nineteenth Century. Edited by F. A. Kirkpatrick. Macmillan.

These lectures were delivered at the Cambridge University Extension Summer Meeting in August, 1902. "The central design of this series," says the editor, "was the treatment of recent developments in the principal countries of Europe by natives of those countries, in order that the most intimate and essential points of view might be presented." Thus Prof. Erich Marcks of Heidelberg spoke on "The Transformation of Germany by Prussia," "Bismarck," and "Austria-Hungary"; Prof. Paul Mantoux of the University of Paris spoke on "France as the Land of the Revolution" and "Two Statesmen of the Third Republic"; and Prof. Paul Vinogradoff, late of the University of Moscow, spoke on "The Reforming Work of the Tsar Alexander II." and "The Meaning of Present Russian Development." We have named in the above list all the foreigners who contributed to this series of seventeen lectures. Despite Mr. Kirkpatrick's statement that the main motive is furnished by the contributions of the Continental lecturers, the table of contents shows us the names of nine Englishmen in addition to the three Europeans already mentioned. Most of these are Cambridge men, although Mr. Bolton King, who deals with "Italian Unity" and "Mazzini," is a member of Balliol College, Oxford. It may interest those who give summer courses of lectures at our own universities to see how the lectures given in summer courses at Cambridge compare as to form and substance with their own. One can hardly imagine, however, that all the lectures delivered before extension students at Cambridge are prepared so elaborately as the essays contained in the present volume.

Of the three Europeans in question, Professor Vinogradoff is the most widely known to English readers on account of his important writings on Villainage and Folkland. His criticism of the Russian bureaucracy is very severe, and he holds the system to be doomed even more by the confessions of present ministers than by the accusations of their adversaries. His main conclusion is as follows: "The common rights of civilized man, which have come to be a self-understood element of European life, cannot be longer denied to the Russians, and it is only to be hoped that the Government in power will not protract much longer its blind resistance to progress." There is also a striking vindication of French political ideals by Professor Mantoux, whose point of view is very different from that of Mr. Bodley. Quoting from 'Aurora Leigh,' M. Mantoux discovers in France

> "A poet of the nations, who dreams on
> Forever after some ideal good . . .
> Some wealth that leaves none poor and finds none tired,
> Some freedom of the many that respects
> The wisdom of the few. Heroic dreams!"

"As long," concludes M. Mantoux, "as such dreams are dreamt in France, as her inhabitants are never content with dreaming only, she will remain, as she has been for more than a hundred years, the land of the Revolution." Among the other papers here published, those which have attracted our attention most are the general introduction by Dr. A. W. Ward, and "England and the United States," by Dr. J. T. Lawrence.

We need hardly point out that the book as it stands is a collection of short essays on salient topics, rather than a continuous narrative. It will make a useful supplement to text books like Fyffe, Andrews, and Seignobos. Some of the essays are strikingly good, and none of them are poor.

Studies in the Cartesian Philosophy. By Norman Smith. The Macmillan Co. 1902. 12mo, pp. 276.

No matter how fresh one may come from the perusal of the works of Descartes himself, of the history of Bouillier, and of some of the swarm of more recent explicators of his metaphysics, one will find much to learn from the pages of this little book. It is composed in the manner which seems at this time to be most approved—that of arranging the topics, not according to the conceptions of the philosopher to be expounded, but according to those of the expositor, and of setting down under each head whatever the four winds of heaven

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can blow together from all the quarters of the subject's *Opera omnia*. In this way one can make an interesting cento; but whether it will represent any stage of development of the thought of the philosopher to be expounded, will be a question to be answered separately in each case. Critics who use this method are apt to forget that the thought of the most stupid and wooden of metaphysicians will undergo considerable development in the course of years, and that this is far more true of any philosopher who is likely to impress men as great. Still, there is no method of composing a work of this kind (or, for that matter, of any other) which can absolve the reader from the necessity of critical thought in getting the juice of it; and the very circumstance that a philosopher will take different views of any difficult matter at different stages of his development renders their juxtaposition instructive in regard to the abiding characteristics of his thinking. Nobody would go to a concordance to gain one's first acquaintance with a philosopher any more than with a poet; and Mr. Smith expressly says in his preface that "this volume is not designed to be an introduction to the study of Descartes." But a work of a nature somewhat approaching that of a concordance is of extreme utility as an aid in forming one's matured conception of whatever philosopher it may concern.

We must not, however, convey the impression that Mr. Smith makes it his business to compare all of Descartes's different statements upon any point. He does not write as a biographer nor even as a historian of philosophy. He does not treat the utterances of Descartes as historical curiosities, but rather argues as to their truth or falsity much as if he were examining a contemporary writing on philosophy. His whole exposition is so permeated with his own argumentations that one could not always gather from reading it exactly how much of it is actually in Descartes, and how much Mr. Smith thinks would be fairly attributable to Descartes considered as if he had written in the twentieth century. There is much in the book concerning which it is difficult to form a definite judgment in the absence of a full explanation of Mr. Smith's own philosophy; and no such explanation is vouchsafed. One may say, however, in general, that Mr. Smith finds fault with Descartes for not being nominalistic enough.

Mr. Smith is of opinion that the really important part of the system of Descartes is his philosophy of the sciences, and that this has but a very artificial connection with his metaphysics. Yet he confines his interpretation entirely to the metaphysics and to the writings on method in their relation to the metaphysics. He certainly succeeds in making the Cartesian metaphysics appear more crude and grossly monstrous than ever, whether its principal fault be that which he attributes to it, or whether it be not quite in the contrary sense that it sins. In either event, Mr. Smith's conspectus of the Cartesian metaphysics is profitable reading. Leaving that, he passes on to some decidedly interesting chapters on the Cartesian elements of the philosophies of Spinoza, of Leibniz, and of Locke; and these are followed by an approving account of Hume's attack upon Cartesian rationalism and spiritualism; the volume closing with a chapter on Kant, whom Mr. Smith seems to value as a positivist and an agnostic.

Rome and Reform. By T. L. Kington Oliphant of Balliol College. The Macmillan Co.

It is now many years since Mr. Kington Oliphant published his life of the Emperor Frederick II. He returns to the field of history with an extensive work entitled as above, which seems to embody in its two volumes the reading and the reflections of a lifetime. It is so detailed in its statements and so controversial in its tone that it might well elicit a long article, were the demands upon our space less exacting than they are at the present moment. As we all know, the world contains a multitude of people who most truly believe that the Church of Rome, if not the Scarlet Lady, is a deadly foe to freedom of thought and to the highest development of human character. Each of these would gladly level his shaft at the Papacy if he could hope that his efforts would be attended by any result. But Rome, having survived the attacks of Luther, Calvin, Voltaire, and the critics of the nineteenth century, seems in a sense invulnerable. Where so many lines of argument present themselves, which shall be chosen? Where so many stalwart opponents have failed, who can feel confident that his word will carry the least weight?

Undeterred, however, by such considerations, Mr. Oliphant winds his horn at the portal of the Vatican, and offers himself as a champion to vindicate the cause of the Protestant North against the Catholic South. Dividing the history of Western Europe into seven epochs, he says, when he reaches the sixteenth century:

"The age of Debasement was about to begin; Southern Europe was by slow degrees to sink far below the level of the hitherto despised North. Each State, soon after 1517, heard the kindly bidding, 'Friend, come up higher'; some obeyed, others went their own way, and after a short interval were dragged down by Rome. We shall soon see Holland rise above Spain, England above France, Sweden above Poland, Prussia above Austria. The age of Debasement was to bring calamities far worse than those known to the age of Roman Dominion; the war against the Albigenses caused much less misery than the Thirty Years' War; Bohemia had to bear much suffering after 1420, but she was never crushed altogether till 1620."

Mr. Oliphant's design, then, is to trace the history of Western Europe since the Reformation, country by country, and to demonstrate by historical proof the fact of decadence on the one hand, of progress on the other. "By their fruits ye shall know them" is his touchstone. Those who sympathize with his general attitude will cry "Bravo!" as they see him muster a host of passages against the Court of Rome. Those who differ from him will shrug their shoulders and say, "*Post hoc, ergo propter hoc.*" In some respects Mr. Oliphant reminds one of Buckle. His use of authorities is similar, the width of his reading is illustrated on every page, and yet he is not quite so convincing as he obviously expects to be. He would persuade more if he inveighed less.

While offering this general criticism, we must be careful not to accuse Mr. Oliphant of the narrowness which is often apparent among the opponents of Rome. He attacks the Ultramontanes violently, but avows a fondness for moderate Catholics, setting Deák high above Guizot in point both of practical politics and of morality. In the Preface he says: "It is impossible to please all, and I have little liking for the applause of mere fanatics, by whatever name they may call themselves. But if I win the praise of Protestants of the school of Hallam, of Catholics of the school of De Tocqueville, I shall not have written in vain." This is a worthy aspiration, but Mr. Oliphant, despite his erudition and a manifest desire to avoid the pitfalls of prejudice, hardly realizes it.

Representative English Comedies. Edited by Charles Mills Gayley, Professor of the English Language and Literature in the University of California [and by other scholars]. With Introductory Essays, etc. The Macmillan Co. 1903.

The national and popular drama of a people is the attempt of that people to see itself. In tragedy and the romantic drama it sees itself as it would like to be—in other words, its ideals; in comedy it tries to see itself as it really is. Hence to the student of social development, as well as to the student of literature, the history and development of national and indigenous comedy are of great importance. For such a comedy is not merely made for a people: it grows out of the people as leaves grow from a stem; and it is this process of growth, from the simple seed-leaves to the consummate flower, that is traced in the volume before us.

The Christian church destroyed the corrupt remains of the old Roman drama; but out of the bosom of the church the new drama arose. Beginning with dramatic presentations of incidents in the life of Christ, or of some saint, it culminated in those stupendous mystery-cycles whose antique form now somewhat hides their real grandeur, whose scene was the whole world, whose time was the interval between eternities, whose subject was the contest of God and Satan for the possession of mankind, whose scope reached from the Creation to the Judgment Day. These and the "moralities," in which God and Satan are withdrawn and man himself is the protagonist, were popular dramas in every sense of the word, being not only for the people, but of the people; and in them may be found every genus of dramatic motive, from the most awful or affecting tragedy to the wildest farce. From these, as Professor Gayley clearly shows, in his "Historical View," and not from academic imitations of Plautus or Seneca, nor yet from the Latin dramas of the Middle Ages, grew the English national drama; though these latter had considerable influence upon the playwrights, especially in matters of form. The elements of comedy, and even of realistic and local comedy, already existed in the miracle plays; and in the moralities, as was unavoidable, these were still further developed, until, as the allegory became less obtrusive and the realism stronger, there was scarce any difference between these and true comedy. The steps of the transition are excellently traced in the essay mentioned above, which is, indeed, a thorough study of the subject "from the beginnings to Shakspere."

The representative comedies selected—to each of which is prefixed a critical essay

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by some well-known scholar—satisfactorily cover the ground. The two plays from Heywood show the crude beginnings; Udall's "Roister Doister" is a scholar's attempt to construct an English play on a Plautine model; Stevenson's (?) "Gammer Gurton" is a hilarious rustic farce; the plays from Lyly, Peele, and Greene exemplify romantic comedy with the lyric feeling, and Porter's "Two Angry Women" gives us the bourgeois comedy of real life. The next step will take us to Shakspere, Jonson, and Fletcher.

Modern School Buildings. By Felix Clay. London: Batsford; New York: Scribner. Pp. xix., 459. 400 illustrations.

A year or more ago we reviewed an excellent book on School Architecture, by Mr. Edmund Wheelwright, in which the school planning of European nations was passed under review, but in which attention was given chiefly to the schools of America. A somewhat similar system is adopted by Mr. Felix Clay, who, being an Englishman, gives the place of honor to the schools of his own country. Indeed, its title would more exactly express the contents of the book if it read 'Modern *English* School Buildings,' since the brief notices of German and American schools contained in it are scarcely more than side-lights on the main subject.

Mr. E. R. Robson pointed out in his 'School Architecture' so long ago as 1878 that "the plan of a building depends so much upon the method of tuition that our acquaintance with the latter is of the first necessity to a school architect." Feeling the truth of this, Mr. Clay devotes more space to the educational system of England than might at first seem necessary in a book which purports to deal chiefly with buildings. Although much has been done within the last twenty or thirty years to unify elementary education in England and to provide an efficient system, secondary education is still most varied and confused. Mr. Clay's chapter on this subject brings as much order as may be out of the tangle, and helps the reader to a perception of the peculiar conditions that have given rise to a vast network of schools of an extraordinarily diverse character, varying from each other by such imperceptible gradations as defy classification, yet extending from the little Private Adventure School on the one hand to great Public Schools such as Eton, Harrow, and Winchester, on the other.

This introductory essay leads to a consideration of buildings devoted to secondary education, occupying more than half of the book, and including not only a careful analysis of the component parts of schools, such as class-rooms, playgrounds, stairways, etc., but an examination of the various kinds of secondary schools, such as boys', girls', day, boarding, special, etc. From the great number of interesting plans presented in the book, including such fine examples of school designing as the Roedean School for girls overlooking the sea at Brighton, and the splendid new Christ's Hospital (the Bluecoat School) at Horsham, it is easy to see that the characteristic of the English plan which most clearly distinguishes it from the American or German is the assembly hall. In Germany this hall, though regarded as of prime importance, is generally placed at the top of the building, in a quiet spot, where it may serve among other uses that of an examination hall. In America it is sometimes absent, or, if included in the plan, it too often is found only as the result of a scheme which brings it into being by pushing aside movable partitions, thus throwing together a number of class rooms. In England there are, roughly speaking, two types of plan in large secondary day schools: first, that with a central hall into which the class rooms open directly; second, that with class rooms from which one must pass through a corridor to reach the hall. The first method is rapidly growing in favor. It is obviously economical of both space and time. Supervision is simplified, since during all movements from room to room or from room to hall the classes are observable from one point. Even very large schools may be thus arranged, as in the case of the Bedford Grammar School, where there are over 800 students, thirty class rooms opening into the hall and its galleries. Such halls serve sundry purposes, as for prayers, lectures, prize-givings, as playgrounds in wet weather, as drill rooms, etc., though obviously they are not very satisfactory for all.

The latter half of the book is devoted to elementary education, a subject of no greater complexity in England than in America, and to school hygiene, plumbing, heating and ventilation. In all ways the treatise covers the subject of modern English school buildings most satisfactorily. The typographic excellence is marked. The plans are clear and legible. There is a good bibliography.

English Literature: An Illustrated Record. By Richard Garnett, C.B., LL.D., and Edmund Gosse, M.A., LL.D. In four volumes: Volumes I., III. The Macmillan Co. 1903.

A complete and satisfying record of English literature must contain biographical sketches of authors, adequate mention of their works, critical appreciations, representative extracts, and at least a thread of concurrent political and social history. To combine even a minimum of these requirements in a volume of moderate size is a difficult task; to provide them copiously and at the same time enrich the text with a lavish display of pictorial illustrations is possible only in a large and costly work such as Doctors Garnett and Gosse have given the public. Of this work, volume i., "From the Beginnings to the Age of Henry VIII.," and volume iii., "From Milton to Johnson," are before us. Publishers and authors have done their best to make this an attractive and indeed sumptuous work. Even putting the text aside, the abundance and excellence of the illustrations, including facsimiles of MSS., autographs, engravings and title-pages, portraits, views of places, buildings, etc., on a scale never before attempted in a work of this kind in English, we believe, give it a quite peculiar value, and that not to the eye alone. We not only enjoy a writer more, but we understand him better, when we have seen his portrait, his handwriting, and his home or favorite haunts. Dr. Gosse, in treating the period from Milton to Johnson, has occupied a field in which he is specially at home; and the copious details given in his vivacious and pleasing style bring the literary world of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries vividly before us.

We might, doubtless, in so extensive a field find something here and there to carp at: for instance, to claim an extent of fifteen centuries for English literature seems to our mind to savor of what Parson Bull calls "the sin of exorbitancy," while to place 'Widsith,' even hesitatingly, in the sixth century because of the mention of Hermanric, is much like assuming that the Iliad was written in the days of Agamemnon. To tell us that "anapæsts" came into English verse at the Restoration; that the poem 'Tristrem' is in the Northumbrian dialect; to speak of Queen Margaret of Scotland—the lineal descendant of Cerdic, and the ancestress through whom the present King of England traces his lineage to Alfred the Great—as "a princess of Hungary," but "half-Saxon also"—these are things that would set a captious critic's teeth on edge; yet they are trifles compared with so much correct information, sensible criticism, and clear and agreeable narration, presented in so rich and attractive a dress; and to the public for whom this work is especially intended, they matter not at all.

Sir A. Henry Layard, G.C.B., D.C.L.: Autobiography and Letters from his Childhood until his Appointment as H. M. Ambassador at Madrid. Edited by the Hon. William N. Bruce, with a chapter on his parliamentary career by the Rt. Hon. Sir Arthur Otway. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1903. 2 vols., pp. xii., 354, xii., 306. Portrait, illustrations, maps.

It is a curious fact that Orientalists, whether of the desk or the saddle, are never Orientalists simply. This may be because they seldom begin the preparation for their lifework until an age when they have already acquired other and abiding attachments and interests. It may also be because the student of an absolutely alien yet living civilization must first and thoroughly know that into which he has been born. But when the fever of the East is in the blood, sooner or later it claims its own. Then those other sides of the intellectual life fall into the background, though still remaining to broaden and strengthen, and perhaps toward the close to become again dominant. All which is very strikingly illustrated in the present autobiography, a charming record of certain parts of a career always many-sided, full-blooded, whole-hearted. What are practically other sections of this autobiography have already appeared in 'Nineveh and its Remains' and 'Early Adventures.' For Layard's parliamentary episode and his final study of Italian art he left no developed material—he may have recognized and rightly that these, and especially the first, had been side issues; for the publication of his account of his embassies at Madrid and Constantinople the time has not yet come. This evidently was a many-colored life; and a many-colored childhood and youth led to it. With a parentage which reminds of 'Denis Duval,' his early life was cast in Florence and London. Florence in the twenties was the Florence of Landor; of Seymour Kirkup, the discoverer of the fresco portrait of Dante; and of Trelawny, the "Younger Son." And so under these influences young Layard began to be a dem-

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ocrat and radical, to study Italian art—as a child he slept under a picture of Fra Lippo Lippi, now in the National Gallery, and still bearing a wound from the heel of his shoe—and to be drawn to the wanderer's life and to the East. Here, too, as always, the 'Arabian Nights' had its part; outside of Germany there is hardly an Orientalist but dates his new birth from it. Later, in London, he was in the circle of "Disraeli the younger," shown here partly in shirt sleeves and boxing gloves, partly as needing rescue from a sponging house, and partly as an extremely puppyish author; of Ward of the forgotten 'Tremaine'; of Samuel Warren, Theodore Hook, and Crabb Robinson. Of the last it is curious to remember, in this day of Assyriology, in which æsthetics play little part, that for him the Nineveh antiquities were simply specimens in the history of art. And the attitude of even the Institute of France when Layard addressed it in 1847 seems to have been only somewhat broader.

The life and achievements which followed these beginnings are known. Sir Henry Layard has left his name on the story of adventure and exploration in the East, on Assyriology in its earlier stages, on diplomacy in Constantinople and elsewhere from and through the most brilliant period of Sir Stratford Canning to the Russo-Turkish war of 1878, on the Arundel Society, the National Gallery, and the history of art in his rewriting of Eastlake's 'Handbook,' and on the decaying art industries of Venice. He saw the Crimea during the war, India during the mutiny, and Italy in the war of liberation. In the present volume perhaps the most picturesque and prominent passages are those which describe Baghdad in 1840, and the great Elchi as he lived and stormed at Constantinople. The portrait of the latter commends itself especially for evident truth; "the voice of England in the East" is seen to have been a noble and upright but passionate and imperious one, which sometimes worked to its own harm. There is also testimony of great interest to the value of the educational work done by the different American missions in the East. This influence was not only direct, but also indirect, by stirring up the Oriental churches to similar renewal of life. From Robert College, too, went most of the leaders of the Bulgarians and other Balkan races to their struggle for independence.

If the proof of these volumes had been read by an Orientalist, it would have been greatly to their advantage.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Annual of the British School at Athens. No. VIII. Session 1901-1902. Macmillan. 17s. net.
Bacon, Edwin M. Boston: A Guide Book. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Banta, Theodore M. Year Book of the Holland Society of New York. The Knickerbocker Press.
Bell, Lilian. The Interference of Patricia. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.
Bostock, Frank C. The Training of Wild Animals. The Century Co. $1 net.
Brooks, W. H., and Nott, Lewis H. Bátú na Abúbuan Hausa. With translation, vocabulary, and notes. Oxford: University Press: New York: Henry Frowde. 3s. 6d. net.
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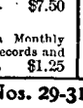

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